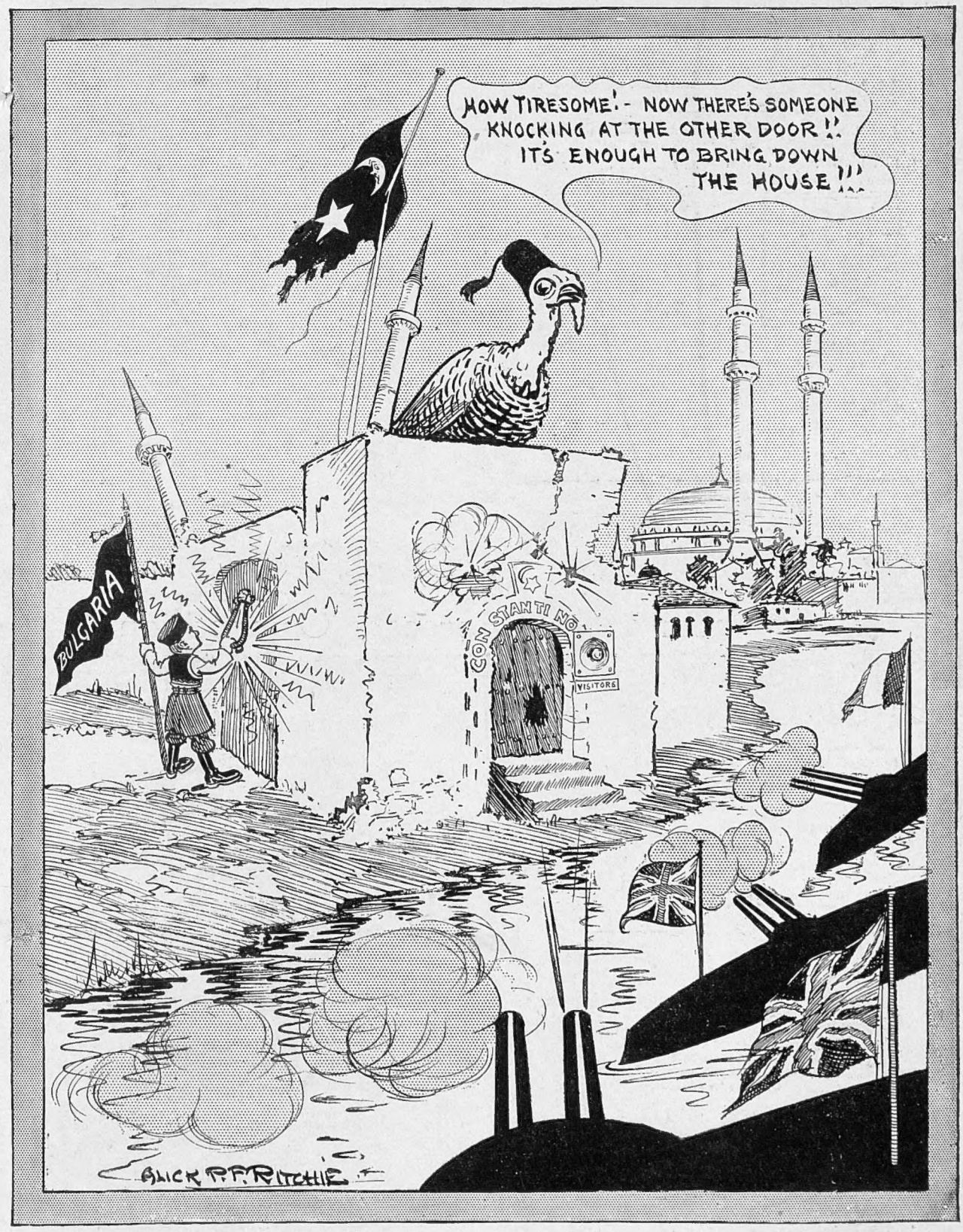
The Bystander, September 1, 1915.—No. 613. Vol. XLVII

The BYSTANDER



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"Bystander" War Forecast Competition

A reduced facsimile reproduction of "The Bystander" War Map, for use by competitors in the War Forecast Competition. Copies of the map obtainable free on application to the Editor, "The Bystander," Tallis House, London, E.C.
For details see page 317 of this issue

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

The Straight Thing To Do

MAY one suggest that the right course to follow in the Conscription controversy is for the Government to tell Parliament frankly the number of men raised by voluntary service, and how far it falls short of the number required for our share in the campaign?

***

Why This Secrecy?

What is the real objection to revealing our numbers? We know almost to a man the numbers of the other armies available, Allied and enemy. What mystic virtue is there in concealing the figures of our own? The Germans know pretty well how many of our men are pitted against them in France, and against the Turks in the Dardanelles. What object is served in concealing the fact—if fact it be—that we are able to keep our lines filled, and to extend them, also adequately to guard our shores against any possible invasion raid that may slip through our fleet—(we venture *not* to think)?

***

The Effect of Concealment—

If it is true that the Germans are desirous of securing peace by October, the definite knowledge that the British Army is able to carry out its obligations to the last must surely be a valuable asset on our side. Concealment may perplex them, but experience of this war proves to all, enemy and Allies alike, that it is the habit of Governments to conceal what is unpleasant rather than pleasant. And the Germans are probably convinced that the concealment of our army figures is due to the fact that they are lower rather than higher than we wish them to be.

***

—And of "Bluff"

Belief that we are "bluffing" must have the effect of encouraging the Germans to bluff themselves, and to affect a determination to proceed to a winter campaign which they admittedly do not feel.

***

Something To Be Proud Of

If voluntary service has satisfied expectations, and we have an army of anything like three millions, what conceivable harm can it do to the Allied cause to reveal the fact? That every man has not been called to the colours may be unworthy in an abstract sense. But who in the wide world and the solar system supposed that, within a twelvemonth, and simultaneously with command of the seas and the upkeep of trade and communications, we should have succeeded in arming the manhood of the whole country? If we have three millions, we have achieved a miracle of which we are fully entitled to boast before all the world.

***

Have We Been Fooled?

The fact that we say nothing leads Allies and enemy alike to believe that we have not raised anything like the reputed number. If these suspicions are—as the *Times* and other organs insinuate—well-founded we understand the Government's secrecy, but we denounce it. For they will have been fooling the country and the Allies very badly. Without doubt they could have carried compulsory service at any time during the past twelvemonth if they had only given the country good reason for seeing that it was needful, and if out of some mere party-political sentiment they failed to make such a demand on the country they have criminally betrayed their trust.

Our War Forecast Competition.

READERS are invited to lose no time in applying for their entry-forms (for details see page 317), as the prize will go to the sender of the most skilful forecast at the earliest date.

***

Watch Kitchener

The objection to "National Service" is in the main an objection to the foisting of it upon the country as a result of interested newspaper clamour. People certainly would refuse to take compulsory service at the dictation of Lord Northcliffe, and in the absence of any proof that the Government really needed it. They would not refuse to accept it at the demand of Lord Kitchener.

***

Seeds of Discontent

What is gradually rising in the country is a state of rebellion against the "keep-it-dark" policy. This is killing the national *moral*. Our cheerfulness as a nation is proverbial. But there are limits to popular enthusiasm for diplomacy in the dark.

***

Hollweg's Little Game

The legendary instance of a man confessing himself to be in the wrong is that of the statesman who paced to and fro the whole night long repeating that he was perfectly sure he had done right. I have forgotten exactly who it was, but his modern variant is Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg. It is really most significant that in the thirteenth month of a German war the German Chancellor should be at such tremendous pains to prove by hook or by crook—mostly by crook—that Germany was not responsible for the war. I don't remember hearing or reading of any such solicitude for ethics in the case of the previous Prussian wars. In those cases it was enough that Prussia was at war, and that she had won. Who caused it was not thought to be matter for concern. That Chancellor Hollweg now spends so much of his

(*Continued on page 292*)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued from page 291)

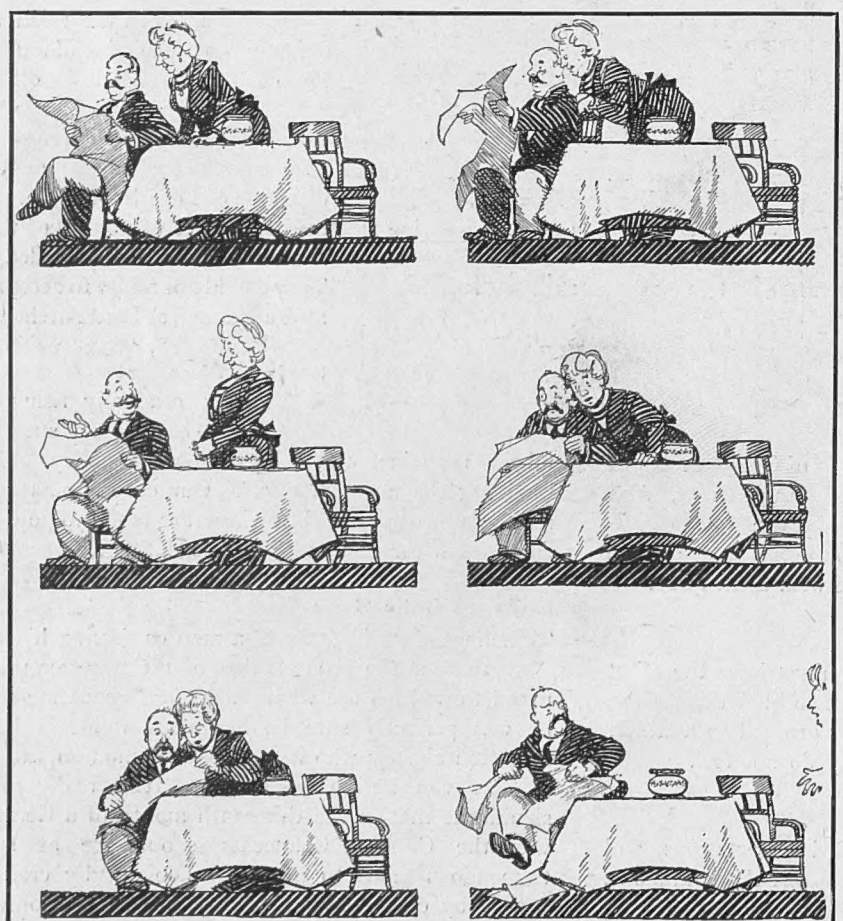
BRAVO BOTHA! Pretoria's

time trying to fix the blame on Sir Edward Grey means only one thing, and that is that he regards the war as one which Germany *isn't winning*. Otherwise, as a practical politician, he would not be likely to disown it. Imagine Bismarck apologising for Sedan, Napoleon for Austerlitz, or Washington for Bunker's Hill! Yet here is Chancellor Hollweg on the morrow of the conquest of Poland apologising his head off. It can only mean that he isn't particularly proud of Germany's achievements.

***

Distinctly "Zeppish"

We have been assured that the *bona-fides* of "Agony" advertisements in the *Times* and other papers is ascertained before publication, and we ourselves always believe everything an advertising manager tells us. Nevertheless, we don't at all like the geography of many of these "ads." Positively we refuse to believe in true love as usual anywhere on the east coast just now, and when we read "agony ads." asking Kitty how she got on at Cambridge, and regretting that Gracie did not turn up in Ipswich, our feelings are distinctly—well—Zeppish.



THE DAILY PAPER

A domestic tragedy in six scenes by Lieut. Arthur Watts, R.N.V.R.

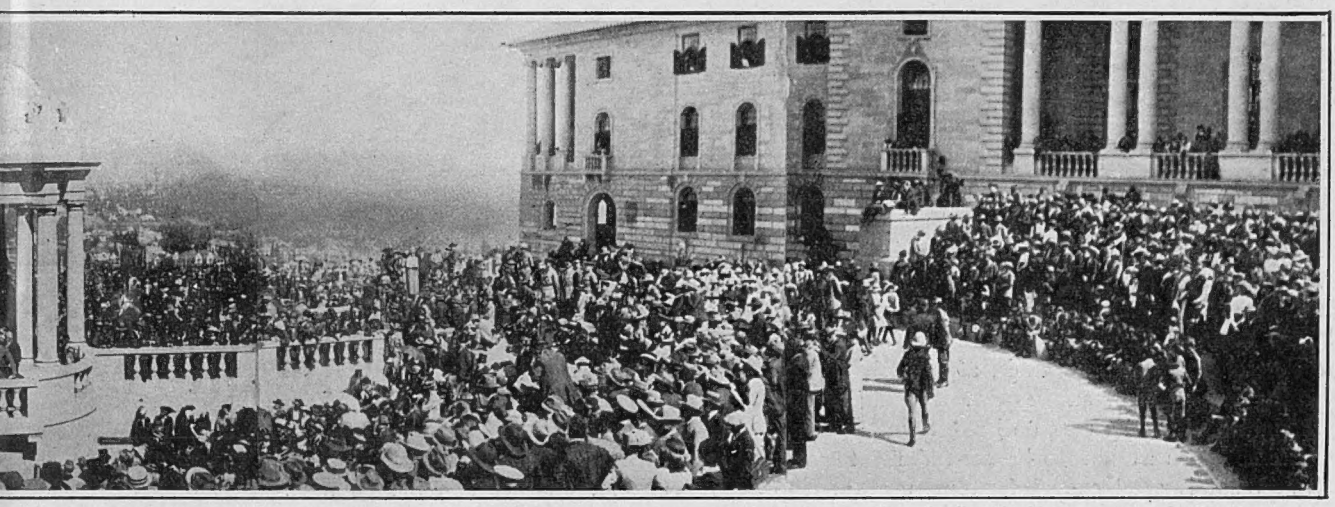
***

Too Horrible to Contemplate

The Prussian Play Censor has evidently been at work supervising the productions of the "Frivolity" Theatre, Ruhleben. Of five plays produced, one was by "Unser Shakespeare," two were by "the English poet Shaw," beloved of the German Chancellor, the others by Mr. Granville Barker and Mr. Galsworthy. What have the last two authors been saying to please the Germans? I understand that Mr. Shaw, intensely desirous that his friend Bethmann-Hollweg should not lie, even on a minor point, contemplates living up to the allegation that he is a poet. Really there seems to be no end to the horrible potentialities of this war.

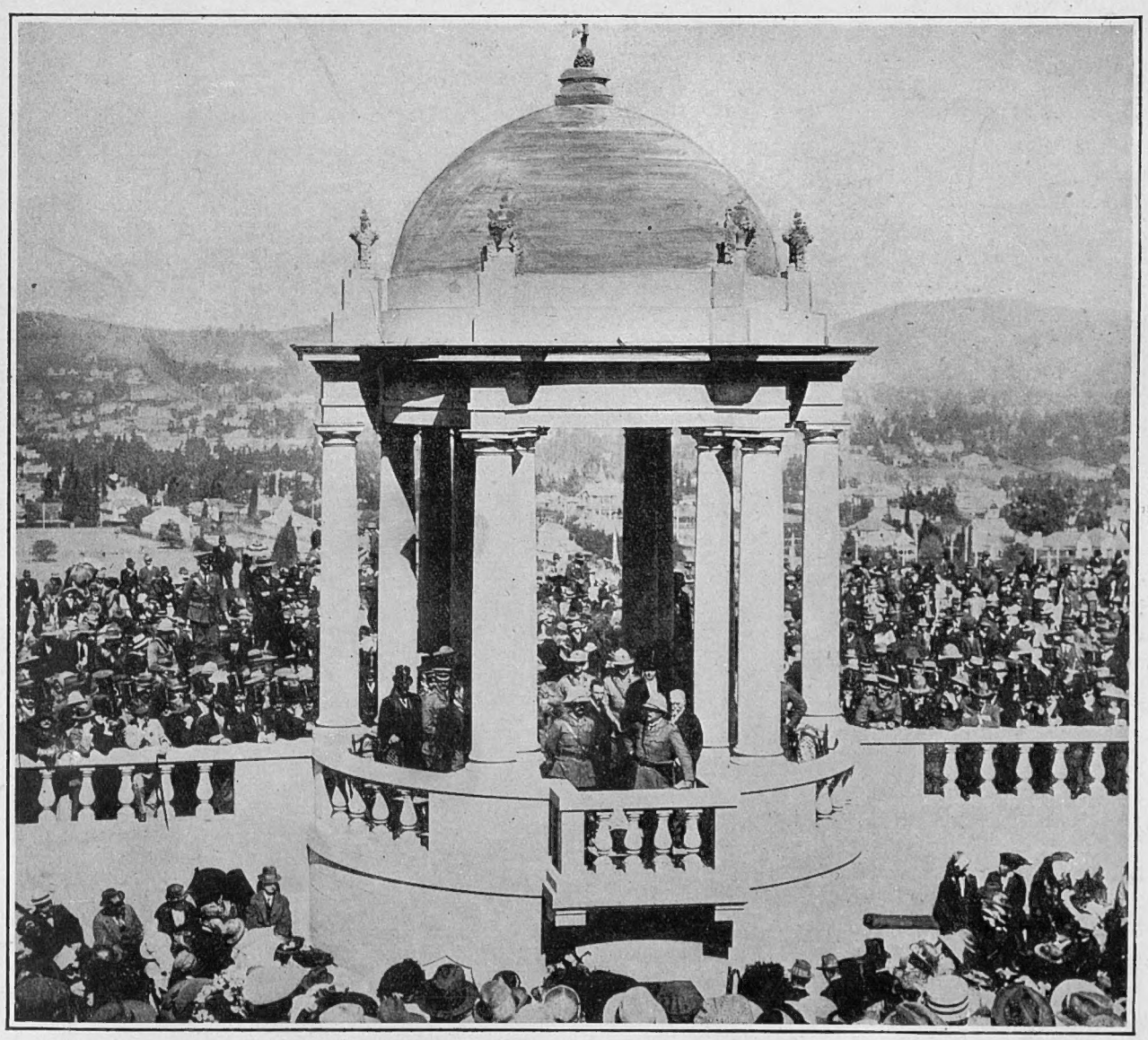
(*Continued on page 294*)

Welcome to Her Victorious General



THE SCENE IN THE AMPHITHEATRE OF THE UNION BUILDINGS AT PRETORIA

On the occasion of the official welcome given to General Botha on his return from South-West Africa



A NEARER VIEW OF THE ROSTRUM

Showing General Botha addressing the huge crowd which assembled to honour him

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 292)

A Nice Point

Mr. B. W. Findon, the gentleman who wrote recently to the papers protesting against having been asked to leave the Empire because wearing a Volunteer uniform (with arm-comforter) has done a little service in raising the topic. It is a debatable point whether or not a Volunteer, returning from a hard day's marching or trench-digging, should be precluded from taking a little refreshment or recreation in a public place. It would have been a little more helpful to the cause if it did not happen that Mr. Findon's private address is given in "Who's Who" as a district so close to the Empire as Shaftesbury Avenue. Ten minutes ought, in these military days, to have enabled him to change back into that civilian garb, which is, after all, the most becoming in a place of amusement. So it seems to be thought at least by men on leave from the front, who are as often as not to be seen about town in mufti. What is good enough for them ought not to be bad for those whose soldiering is fanciful rather than real.

***

German Losses (with Apologies to the "Evening Standard")

An affidavit sworn by Major Dillon, of the War Office, published on August 3, computes the casualties of the German Army at two million men. It will be noted, however, that Major Dillon was concerned to give a figure which he could positively swear to.

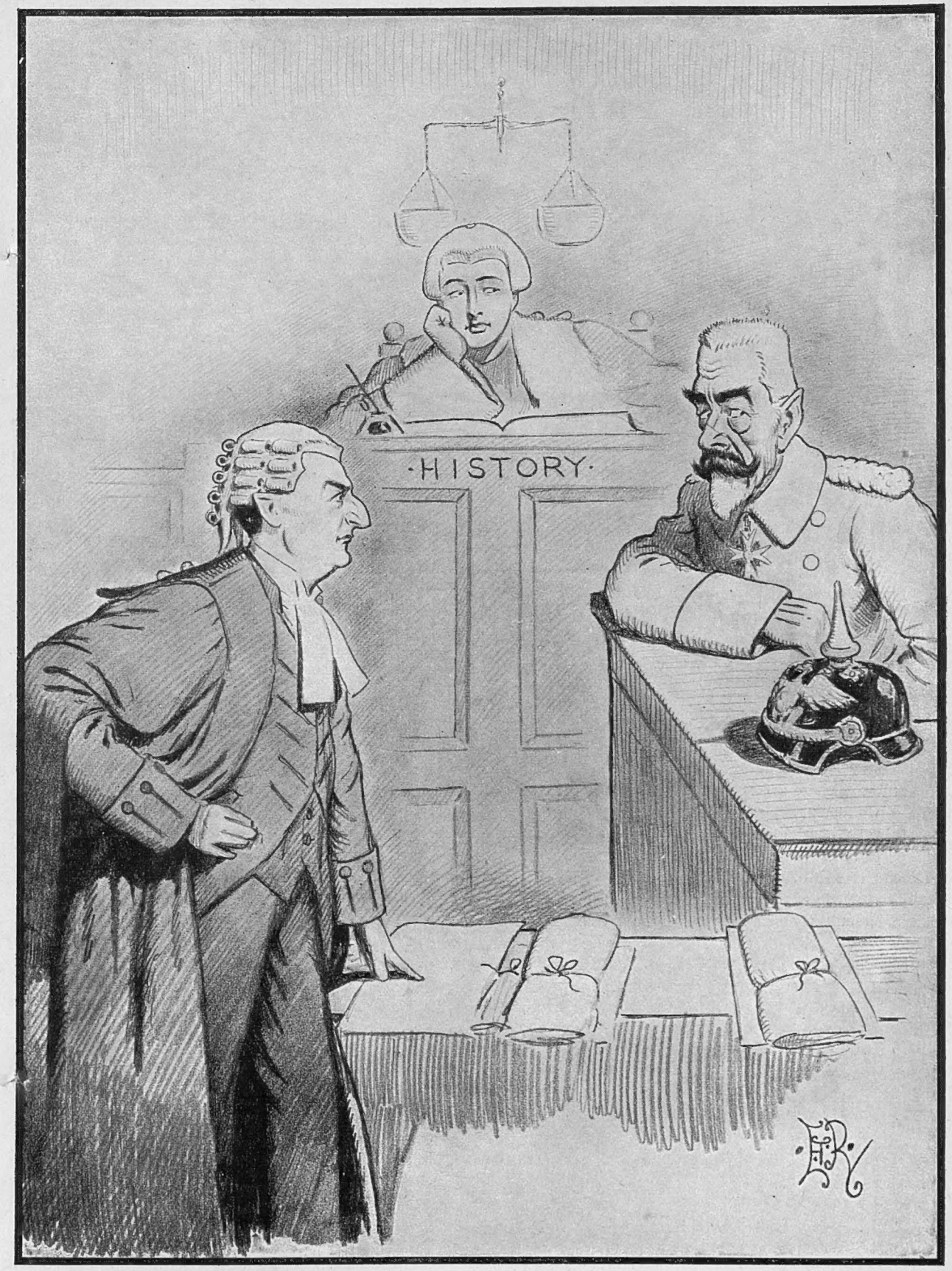
That very evening some paper somewhere published the lists bringing the Prussian casualties up to 1,600,000 to July 31. If we guess at the casualties of the other German States we can bring the total up to three millions, and we must remember that at the beginning of March some official in some paper somewhere in France estimated the casualties at three millions in infantry alone, exclusive of disease. This French official was also probably concerned to give figures which he could positively swear to. So that we can assume that the real figures were probably nearer six millions than three. The French somewhere or other also estimated that the Germans were losing 260,000 men a month.

Therefore, as Major Dillon in August estimated the German loss at two millions, the French estimate three millions in July, and the *Evening Standard* three and a half millions in April, it follows *pro rata* that in January last they must have lost a total of six million men. Therefore, on the basis of the official French estimate of a loss of 260,000 men a month, the seven and a half months following January 1 account for another two million men. This brings the total up to eight million men, exclusive of losses through disease. Allowing one-sixth for this the total of nine and a half million men is reached.

Now, as Germany commenced the war with ten million men of military age, physically fit for service, this leaves the enemy with only half a million available men. On their several fronts at least one million men are needed to keep open the lines of communication. This leaves them with a minus quantity of half a million in the fighting line. Therefore the fall of Warsaw, Brest, &c., and the invasion of the Baltic provinces must be due to the efforts of ghosts, and the Russian retreat and German offensive in the West all moonshine.

CISSY: "So I hear you are ordered on active service, Major?"
MAJOR: "Yes—off to the Dardanelles in a day or two"
BOBBY (*eagerly*): "Oh, I say, Major, do you think you will get through the Narrows?"

At the Bar of History



DEFENDANT (BETHMANN-HOLLWEG) IN THE BOX: "Oh, vell, you see, it vas like zis. Ve did not vant to fight at a-a-all!! Ve just infaded Belgium und smasht-op und purnt ze towns und villatches pecause Belgium itself had proken its neudralidy! 'How do ve know that?' Vy! pecause ve found it out ven ve got to Brossels some veeks later!!" (Yells of derision in court)

THE JUDGE (HISTORY): "Really, Sir Edward! I do not think you need cross-examine further! Everyone will have formed his own conclusions as to the reliability of all this!!"

"In England—Now!"

"Everybody is so terribly anxious as to whether his neighbour is doing his whole duty to the nation"

London, *August* 30.

My Dear Cousin—

If I believed those papers that chronicle comings and goings I might think that there were no people in England now—except, of course, Cabinet Ministers and Royalty. And the former, you know, do take week-ends in Scotland sometimes (the sort of Friday to Wednesday week-ends that used to be so popular in pre-war-time). But it really isn't so, and there are even people in London.

* * *

I hear of an Englishman, who makes his home in Paris, who nearly died of heart failure in Piccadilly because his taxi was held up by a block in the traffic. He says such a thing never happens now in Paris, where according to him nothing is as usual—although a wounded soldier man who was there recently told me that some of the shadier of the Montmartre night resorts are still keeping open.

* * *

Anyway, there are enough people to keep the most wonderful Zeppelin stories going. And, of course, we always hear all about them, and exactly where they've been long before the modest little Press Bureau crumb of information is printed in the newspapers. Most extraordinarily long sight some people have, haven't they? Lots of people I know saw the Zeps, quite plainly when airmen, flying ever so high, never caught a glimpse of them.

"Made me want to put up a big notice everywhere"

* * *

But when Parliament meets we shall hear quite a lot of interesting things. At least, we shall if only Cabinet Ministers answer a tenth part of the questions that are going to be hurled at their (some of them) rather thinly thatched heads. But I shouldn't be a bit surprised if they came back from their semi-holiday in a sort of Roman father "How-dare-you, sir," mood. We're sure to be told things about the Registration Bill, though, I expect, even if perhaps what we're told won't satisfy all of us.

* * *

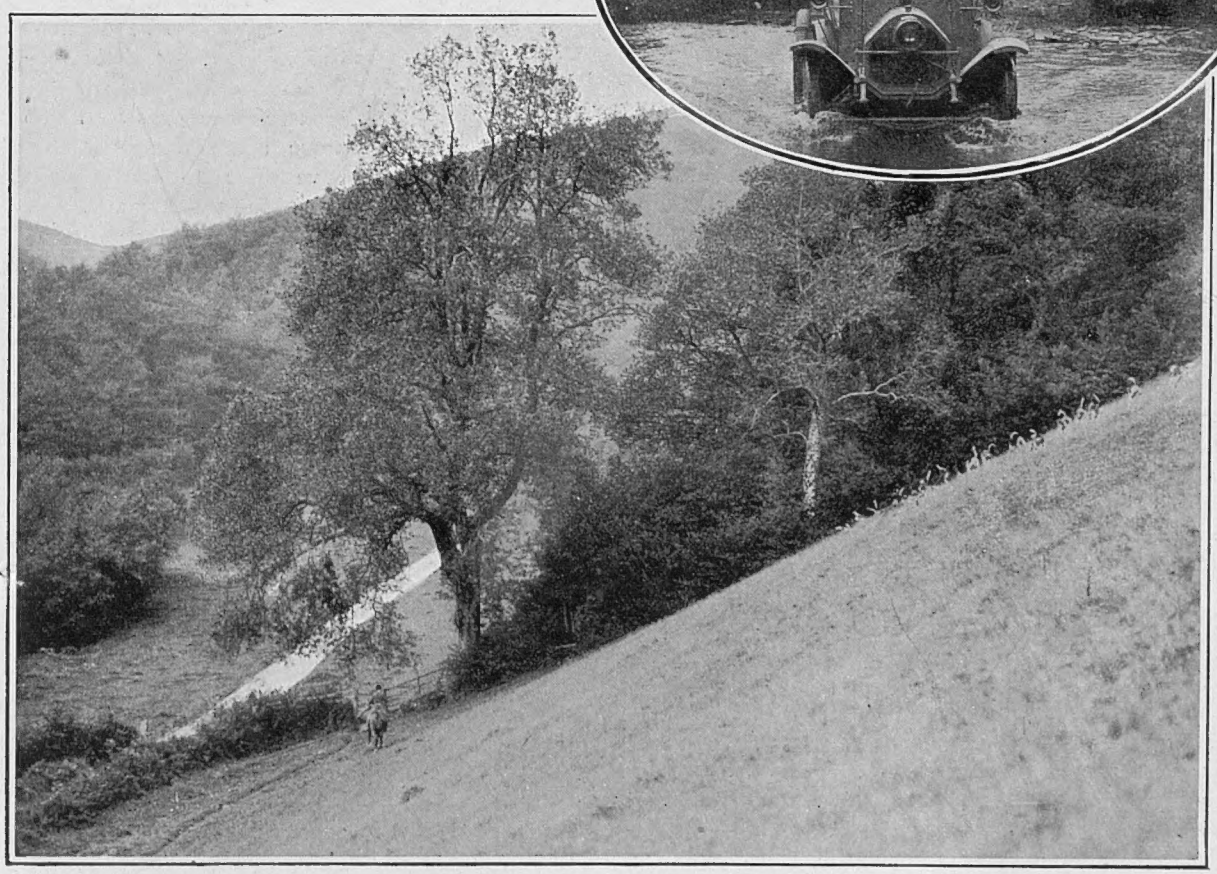
Talking of the Bill reminds me. The Registrar-General spent the first three weeks in August considering, among other things, what should be done about classifying all the women who entered their occupations as "Household Duties." At first the notion was that they should be put in with domestic servants. I wonder whether women in the suburbs who keep one small maid wrote and protested? Anyway, now he's going to call them all *unemployed*. I wonder just what the kind of woman with six children *and* a husband *and* a lodger and *no* servant

(*Continued on page 298*)

Ought We to Publish These?

SCENES AT A MEET OF THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS

THE TUFTERS LEAVING THE MEET TO FIND THE SCENT



Photographs *Sport and General*

GENERAL VIEW OF THE PACK FOLLOWING THE STAG DOWN TO THE RIVER

ENTHUSIASTIC "FOLLOWERS" OF THE HOUNDS BY CAR FORDING THE RIVER HADDEO AT HARTFORD MILL

Notwithstanding the fact that the indulgence in sport of any kind at the present time is regarded in some quarters as so unbecoming and so inconsistent with the habit of gloom and dismalness which English people are enjoined to cultivate, we publish these pictures without any serious misgivings. If, as the German newspapers tell us, our enemies are congratulating themselves on the success in war-time of their race meetings, surely it is open to us to retort that we are not too downhearted to hunt

will say about the official people when she finds *that's* what they call her!

* * *

Other things people are expecting to hear, too. I mean about resignations from the Cabinet and other people coming into it like—well, there are one or two shufflings of the cards, they say, will happen very soon. I must say the prospect leaves me cold, especially in war-time. In politics it's so much a case of *Plus ça change plus c'est la même chose.* Of course, if we were to get some really young men untrammelled by any traditions, then—well, then I suppose our last state might, as likely as not, be worse than the first. What they call the Parliamentary tradition seems to be too strong for everyone, and the only difference with new men is that they take longer to fall into line—they always do in the end somehow.

* * *

By the way, I suppose there really is something in the economy crusade now, as even the Government's started on it—which was about the last thing anybody expected. I don't mean they're not wasting any of the things they buy at such high prices with money borrowed at such high rates, but they've done one or two quite sensational and drastic things like shutting off the extra supply of telegraphists to Newmarket when there are race-meetings on. I really can't think, can you, what will happen to horse-breeding if the race results are half an hour late getting into Fleet Street?

* * *

There never were such a lot of people so conscious of one another's shortcomings as there are in England now. Everybody, you see, is so terribly anxious as to whether his neighbour is doing his whole duty by the nation and her Allies in these terribly serious times. I'm certain that people who gave a guinea a brace for grouse on the 13th—or some of them, at any rate—were as much upset when they saw a young man of military age in mufti as the heroine of the latest white feather story—how long that white feather nuisance has taken to crush!

* * *

She, you know, gave one to a wounded officer dining at a restaurant with a crutch under the table that she hadn't eyes enough to see. And when the friend with him picked it up for him and helped him to his feet, gazing at the lady blankly meanwhile as if she was some new kind of insect, I believe, though I won't swear to it, that she was actually seen to blush.

* * *

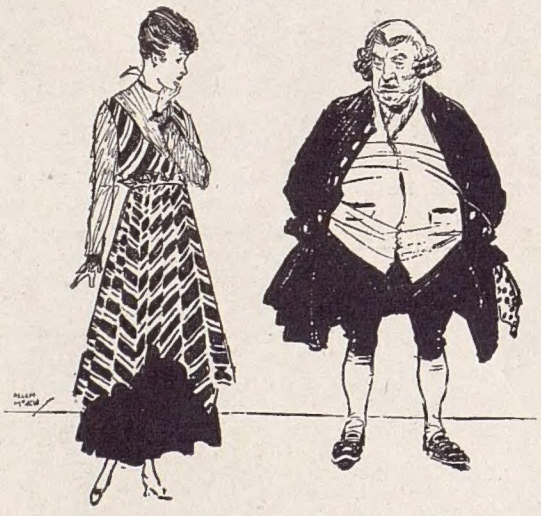
There's nothing more amusing in life than the way indignation against slackers is changed into quite another sort of indignation when someone says something about one's own pet indulgence. I often imagine myself running this country in time of war (I expect everyone does, although most of us are careful not to say "Now, if I were Kitchener," in the style of the amateur strategist). Well, anyway, if anybody yoked me to such a load of responsibility I should do many unexpected things.

* * *

Yet I'm quite, *quite* sure I shouldn't tell off ships and men and plant—"plant" is a mysterious word that you simply have to use when you're talking about supplies nowadays—to provide petrol for motor trips, without wounded, up the river or down to the coast. I was on a main road a Sunday or two ago—no, I didn't drive, I went by train—and the obvious pleasure parties buzzing and snorting along everywhere made me want to put up a big notice at every turn, "THIS COUNTRY IS AT WAR."

* * *

Of course, I know a lot of motorists have made themselves frightfully useful. I mean quite apart from those who had their cars commandeered in the early days, and were either furious or philosophic over it. But commandeering seems to be quite out of fashion now—otherwise Lord Glenconner would hardly have risked giving his daughter a car for a wedding present, would he? All the same, people who come over from Paris are quite surprised by the numbers of motors about—when the National Motor Volunteers, too, are crying out that there's work for thousands more.



"He said it was all right if you gave employment by buying pretty things"

* * *

I don't know whether frocks are going to be different this autumn, but if they are I don't think it will be because the serious men who argue about luxury trades have come to a conclusion about it—and, anyhow, they never will. Why, do you know, I find they've been arguing about it ever since Doctor Johnson's days.

* * *

He said it was all right if you gave employment by buying pretty things—which sounds rather dear of *him* and is a surprise to *me,* because I've always regarded him as a horrid old man. Anyhow, when I read people who quote him to prove that we really *can* get money enough to pay off the War Loan by taking in each other's washing I'm frightfully curious to see whether it will work.

* * *

The discovery of long ago that war taught people geography was what the Americans would call a one-horse notion. War teaches some people lots more than that. America herself, for instance, has learnt what a wonderful thing diplomacy is—when you've got cold feet. And it's taught Sir Albert Spicer—that is, the National Register has—that some houses are occupied by more than one family, and he's written to the papers about it.

* * *

The odd thing about it is that one of the papers which have made some nasty remarks about his ignorance needed this same war to teach it that amusements got up with a charitable object often result in

(*Continued on page 300*)

An Engagement in the Peerage

Photograph *Sarony*

LADY MARY CHARTERIS

A new portrait taken last week of the second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Wemyss, whose engagement to Lieut. A. W. Strickland, Royal Gloucestershire Hussars Yeomanry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Strickland, of Apperley Court, Tewkesbury, is announced

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 298)

more amusement than charity. It's this sort of thing that atones to me for any evidence of male superiority I may have to admit now and then—and of course just now the fact that it's the men who have to do the fighting *is* apt to make one feel very small and useless.

* * *

By the way, a captain in one of the Scotch regiments writes to me from the front to say that it really is true that the Prince of Wales goes right into the firing line, and, in fact, is rather fond of getting into rather dangerous places. "I am in a part of the line," he says, "which is not by any means a soft bit—we are as near as thirty yards from the Germans in places—and twice the Prince has visited my trench.

* * *

"One time was at night, when we were 'standing by,' expecting the explosion of a big German mine in the trench. On another occasion he came into my trench at a particularly bad place, where there was a gap of 200 yards or more, right between my trench and the one on my left which it was impossible to hold. The Prince crawled out to a listening post in this no-man's-land, and was badly sniped at by the Germans coming back.

* * *

"In the trench next mine on the same day a man was shot through the head, standing *next* to the Prince. In fact, he is generally knocking about the front-line trenches, and is as keen as mustard. The men are delighted with him, and say so in their letters home, which we have to censor. No, he isn't kept in cotton wool, by any means."

* * *

My own particular war discovery has been that men are better patients and bear pain better than women. It's been a feminine creed, you know, for ages that it was the other way about. But nurses and recent experiences have convinced me of the contrary.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

Photograph *Lafayette*

LADY IAN HAMILTON

A new portrait of the wife of the General Officer commanding the Forces in Gallipoli. She is appealing for comforts for the troops under her husband's command

(See page 304)

Photographs *Val L'Estrange*

MR. J. R. L. FRENCH MISS OLIVIA JOHN

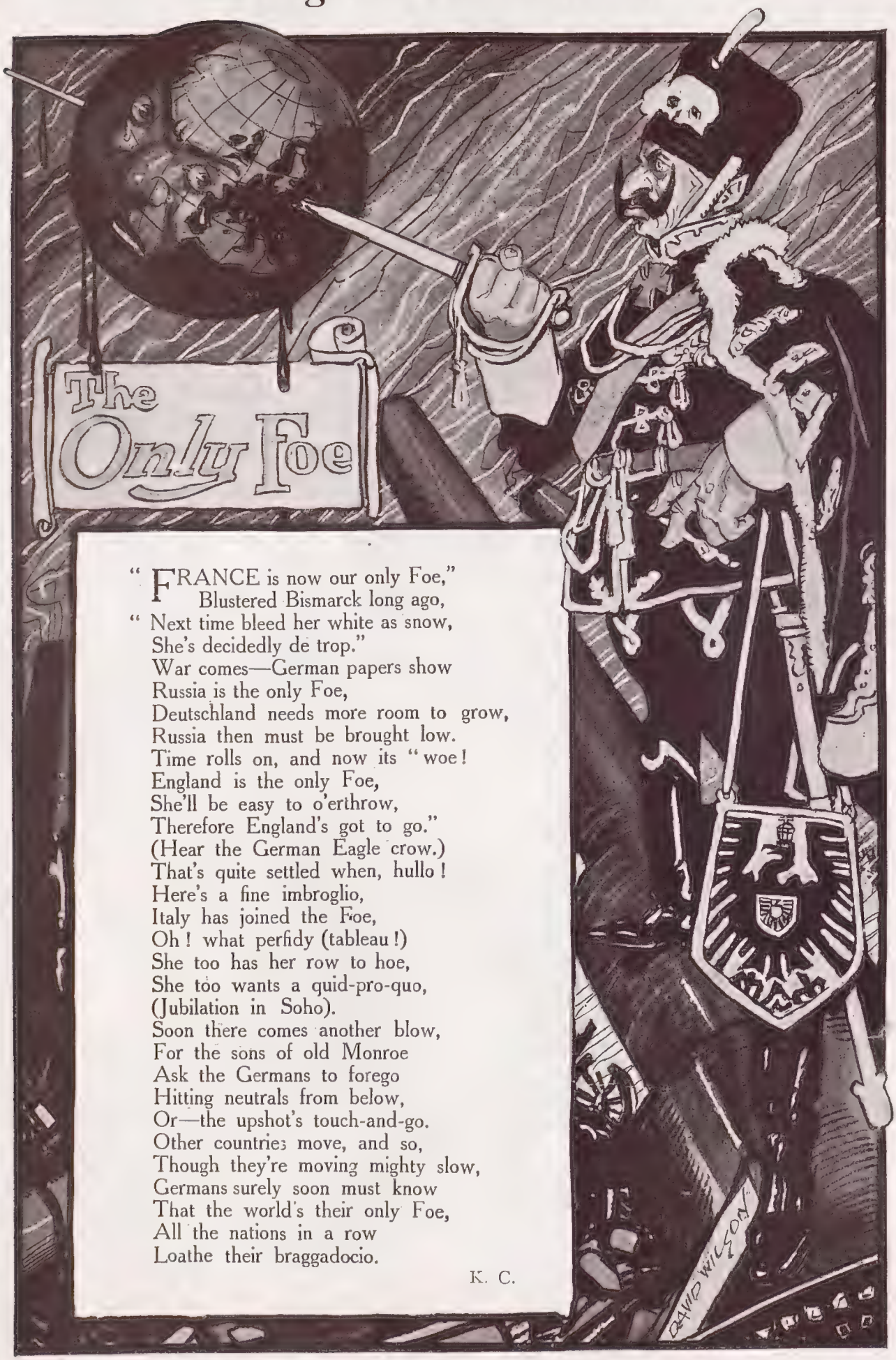
THE C.-IN-C.'S ELDEST SON AND HIS FIANCÉE

The engagement is announced of Mr. John Richard Lowndes French, eldest son of General Sir John French, and Miss Olivia Mary John, youngest daughter of the late Major-General John, D.C.L.I., and Mrs. John, and niece and adopted child of the Countess of Charlemont

The Entente After the War

One of the effects of the war will certainly be the assumption of a less insular attitude towards foreigners by the working classes

Progressive Hatred



"FRANCE is now our only Foe,"
Blustered Bismarck long ago,
"Next time bleed her white as snow,
She's decidedly de trop."
War comes—German papers show
Russia is the only Foe,
Deutschland needs more room to grow,
Russia then must be brought low.
Time rolls on, and now its "woe!
England is the only Foe,
She'll be easy to o'erthrow,
Therefore England's got to go."
(Hear the German Eagle crow.)
That's quite settled when, hullo!
Here's a fine imbroglio,
Italy has joined the Foe,
Oh! what perfidy (tableau!)
She too has her row to hoe,
She too wants a quid-pro-quo,
(Jubilation in Soho).
Soon there comes another blow,
For the sons of old Monroe
Ask the Germans to forego
Hitting neutrals from below,
Or—the upshot's touch-and-go.
Other countries move, and so,
Though they're moving mighty slow,
Germans surely soon must know
That the world's their only Foe,
All the nations in a row
Loathe their braggadocio.

K. C.

What Now of the War?

Campaign Comments: By Major G. W. Redway

NOW that Mr. Asquith has his National Register the question is, "What will he do with it?" As regards the Army, at any rate, he is pledged to the voluntary enlistment system, and cannot consistently badger the unwilling, far less coerce them. Lord Kitchener's thrilling advertisements have already procured three classes of men—the wealthy, the poor, and the subsidised: the rich man can afford to make a hobby of patriotism; the poor man, in war as in peace, must support his family, even at risk of health and life; and many young bachelors whose army pay does not suffice for their needs have found relations or employers to make good the deficiency.

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But the class that is left untouched is the men with responsibilities that nobody will rid them of. The young married man, for instance, who has always lived up to his income and cannot economise. A "separation" allowance which enriches the family of the unskilled labourer would not even pay the rent of the married clerk. And then, of course, the life policies of such civilians must be surrendered for want of a good round sum for war risks. Another case is that of sons who remain at home because their brothers have already gone forth, and it is unreasonable to expect a family to give up the whole of its male representatives.

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There is a fresh imbroglio in reference to the Volunteer Training Corps, which were officially recognised as far back as last November. The Army Council will not own these Volunteers as members of H.M. Forces, because if it did so it would have to pay them and equip them, but on the other hand the Mayors of coast towns warn the inhabitants that only by joining these corps can men acquire the right to take up arms in case of a landing of foreigners. The Volunteers are permitted to wear uniform "when necessary for training" and are enjoined to wear the "G.R." brassard "when military exercises or duties are being performed"—though what "duties" can be imposed on an unpaid outcast I fail to see. It is, however, certain that unless properly dressed as soldiers in case of a raid these men with muskets would be put against the nearest wall and shot by the enemy, as were the Belgians, for being neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. What is the remedy? There is none, but to take the War Office at its word and disband, leaving the defence of hearth and home to "members of H.M. Forces."

* * * * *

Lord Rosebery called the present war "the world-war," but perhaps a better term would be "the centennial war," since on three several occasions, at intervals of a century, practically the same nations have fought for long periods with the same motives; our descendants may look forward to a similar upheaval a hundred years hence, after a long peace and much talk of the Federation of the World. It was not the newspapers, but the pamphleteers, that first gave tongue on the Conduct of the War, and 200 years ago Swift wrote with a freedom that would appal us to-day. Yet he did no harm, and was very often right in his strictures.

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Swift remarked with regard to allies, for instance, that in every confederate war there are principals and seconds, and that their respective contributions should vary accordingly, for "if a house be on fire it behoves all the neighbours to run with buckets to quench it; but the owner is sure to be undone first; and it is not impossible that those at next door may escape, by a shower from heaven or the stillness of the weather or some other favourable accident." When, however, we attempt to apply his simile to the present situation we are nonplussed, because the neutrals who now stand shivering on the brink of action perceive two houses alight, and wonder which neighbour they ought to assist, if indeed it will not serve their turn better to add fuel to the flames than to extinguish them.

* * * * *

The most heartening news from France comes from a delegate of the Senatorial Army Commission, who has returned from an inspection of the supplies of the big fortresses, and speaks of "the unanimous, though not concerted, testimony" of the French Generals on two essential points. The present front will not give way "because we have enough real soldiers, enough guns, and also enough ammunition," and "a few kilometres will be the utmost limit of our most serious reverses." But "our front will only rejoin our frontier if manufacturing France can give fighting France the enormous surplus of heavy projectiles, big guns, and high explosives necessary to an artillery preparation, without which even the greatest bravery is unavailing."

* * * * *

When we read of the 4th Austrian Army and of Mackensen's 11th Army we might imagine there was no end to the Kaiser's resources in cannon-fodder, after holding the Allies in the west and Italy in the south. The German offensive must be extremely costly in *personnel*, but there appears to be a grievous loss of the *matériel* of war on the part of the Russians. The spoils of each battlefield, of course, fall to the victor—rifles, guns, ammunition, clothing, equipment, vehicles, and horses, while the wounded are left to become prisoners of war. Still, the eastern campaign, as a whole, exhibits what

WHAT NOW OF THE WAR? (concluded from page 303)

we have been taught to regard as the normal operations of war; there is a fair field and no favour; and from a technical point of view it has been welcomed as dissipating a foolish notion that the warfare of the future would necessarily take place underground; that men were wanted more skilled in throwing bombs and brickbats than in using rifle and bayonet; that machine-guns and trench mortars were to replace field guns; and that trained cavalry would become second-rate infantry while the troop-horses were eating their heads off—phenomena which always accompany operations in which the safety of flanks is deemed of more importance than mobility.

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Only in two quarters is a real distinction made between an officer and a soldier—namely, in the Army Act, where enmeshed in legal jargon are illustrations of the Shakespearian saw:

"That in the captain's but a choleric word
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy,"

and in the Pay Warrant, where the cost of a recruit officer is shown to exceed that of half a dozen trained privates. And when the *Army List* shows how many our War Office is now paying as officers, it ought to be certain that we are using them economically. But the casualty lists tell tales.

* * * * *

It is with some reason, then, that the promotion to commissioned rank in the field is called election to the Suicide Club by the flippant young men concerned. Yet there are always candidates and a large waiting list, and if some of them drift into such corps as the A.O.C. and the A.S.C. we must suppose that they are actuated by other motives than that of enjoying the amenities of war without its risks, though, of course, there are *embusqués* within, as well as outside, every army. Truth to tell, a capable ironmonger's assistant would often be of more service on the lines of communications than the finest young fellow who ever adorned his walking boots with a pair of spurs. But of the bulk of our young officers it may be safely affirmed that they are quite heroic in their efforts to restore the old ideal of leadership, and they make up in enterprise what they lack in experience. Very possibly (to quote Charlie Symonds' comment on riders with the 'Varsity drag) "they fears nothing 'cos they knows nothing," but if only we do not lose too many of these gallant fellows before they learn their trade they will transmit some priceless qualities to the British Army of the future.

We have been asked by Lady Hamilton to announce that General Sir Ian Hamilton has opened a Rest Camp on the Island of Imbros near Gallipoli for 6,000 men where the soldiers and sailors are being sent from the firing line in relays for a few days' rest. Lady Hamilton is most anxious to send a weekly supply to this camp of magazines and newspapers of all sorts which the men will be able to take back to the firing line and give to their comrades, thereby circulating the papers among the whole force. She is also asking for games and puzzles of all sorts and playing cards, as Sir Ian says the men suffer so terribly from boredom in the camp. She adds that the men in Gallipoli, who are fighting for us, are going short in many ways, and have only the bare necessities of life. They long for cigarettes and soap, tinned milk, sweets, chocolates, &c., and require vests, pants, khaki shirts, handkerchiefs, socks, canvas shoes and cholera belts. Gifts in kind or subscriptions to buy these things may be sent to Lady Hamilton, 24*a*, Hill Street, Knightsbridge.

A Forecast We Hope Will be the Winner

The position of the Allied battle fronts on the conclusion of peace as foreseen by our artist, Mr. Alick F. P. Ritchie, a very optimistic competitor in "The Bystander" War Forecast Contest. For details of the competition see page 317

"Impending Decisive Events"

THE DEPARTURE FROM OFFICE OF GENERAL FITCHEFF

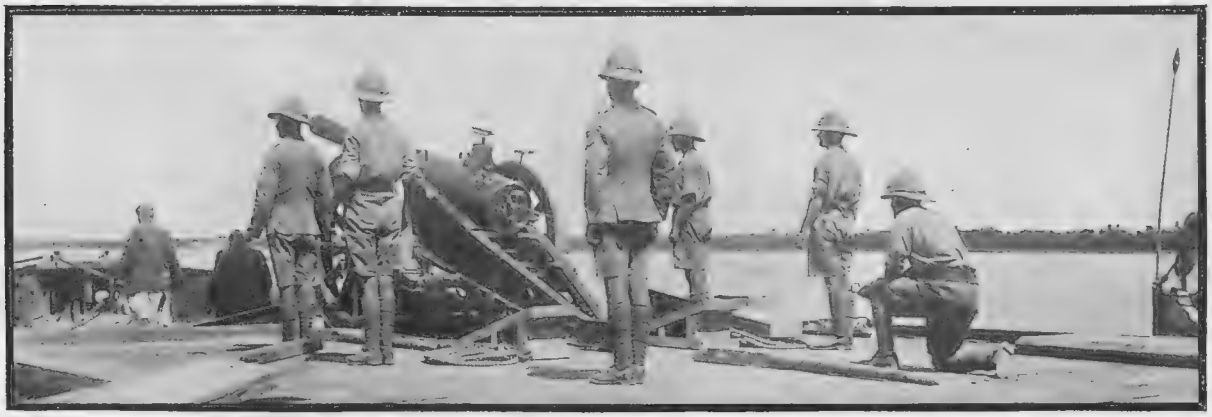
Whatever may be said to the contrary by the officials at Sofia, the resignation of General Fitcheff, the Bulgarian War Minister, who is above shown in the act of leaving office, is universally believed to be the prelude to decisive events. In other words, Fitcheff is expected to take command of the armies in the field on whichever side they fight. He is succeeded at the Ministry of War by General Jecoff. General Fitcheff is the figure on the right of the picture

Playing the Dickens With Geography

Photograph giving an idea of the geographical changes which are gradually being wrought in the war area. Thanks to the bursting of a "210" shell and a heavy fall of rain, a perfectly flat piece of land somewhere in France has become converted into a small lake surrounded by precipitous cliffs

Out of the Limelight, but Doing Fine Work

OUR FORGOTTEN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE IN THE PERSIAN GULF



A GUN CREW WORKING THEIR GUN

GUNNERS LOADING THEIR GUNS ON SHIPBOARD

DISEMBARKING HORSES FOR THE TERRITORIAL ARTILLERY

Photographs *Captain Saunders*

SEPOYS (NATIVE INFANTRY) WASHING IN THE RIVER

With so much to occupy our attention in the main theatres of the war, we are apt to overlook the small but none the less important "front" on the Persian Gulf, where a strong contingent of our "contemptible little army" is doing very useful work indeed. The photos reproduced above of events incidental to their operations were taken by Captain Saunders, of the Indian Army

"Somewhere in Flanders"

BY A BYSTANDER ON ACTIVE SERVICE

My Dear Bystander—

I DON'T really know why it is, but everyone cherishes a certain awe, and even admiration, for detectives, just as everybody hates house-agents and loves sailors. It seems as natural as it is to avoid taking out a dog licence until cautioned by the local policeman. The combat of crime has always appealed to me, and I remember how, in extremely youthful days, it was Sherlock Holmes, and not the girl in the confectioner's shop by the Post Office, who was my guiding star in life. I became quite good at deductions, and though I never had a Watson to assist me, I used to readily deduce with invariable success that with the arrival of my school report at the beginning of the holidays it was expedient to assume temporary indisposition (for about forty-eight hours) if I were to avoid an energetic measure of paternal frightfulness.

* * *

I was very glad a few days ago when my services were requested by the police to assist them in the pursuit of a slippery individual whom it was earnestly desired to lay by the heels with the utmost despatch. True, I had but a humble rôle to play, viz., that of interpreter, but, then, to spend a day in the company of a first-class metropolitan detective, a man who exuded clues as lesser men do perspiration, who owned disguises as other men do pocket handkerchiefs, a man who had addressed world-famed swindlers to their face by their nickname, was to taste the sweets of life with a vengeance. He was a handsome, smart-looking man, Monsieur Blanc (as I will call him), and when in doubt he shot keen penetrating glances; when thoroughly perplexed he would exclaim "*tiens!*" and fondle his beard.

* * *

Arrived at our objective—a farmhouse in a neighbouring village—we first of all proceeded to search the place from attic to cellar in the approved fashion, after which we settled down to cross-examine an elderly, sour-faced woman who declared herself to be the proprietress of the place. By this time I had learnt to shoot keen penetrating glances, and I shot them ruthlessly at the curious little throng which began to gather at the front gate. The effect was wonderful, strong men blenched visibly when I looked them in the face, small boys ran from me shrieking for their mother.

* * *

At first the elderly, sour-faced lady was inclined to reticence and extreme discretion in her admissions, but after five minutes' subjection to the rigours of the "third degree" as administered by Monsieur Blanc, she burst into a flood of scalding tears, and in a voice vibrating with old Walloon and abject fear, confessed that our wanted man had sheltered there the night, and had left an hour and a half ago to take the train for Paris. If only she had known that——. The detective resumed his "third degree" expression, and she collapsed against the kitchen range.

* * *

We looked at our watches. Yes, in a swift car we might just be in time to cut the train off at M——, fifty miles away. We dashed for our car, and discovered that the radiator had sprung a leak. With indomitable determination we rushed off in different directions to commandeer the first car we could lay our hands on. I found one first—a British car and driver—and quickly silencing the man's objections with a keen penetrating glance which shook him to the core, we clambered in, and a moment later were careering in the direction of M——.

* * *

A fatal delay that would inevitably occur at the exit from the town, by the discovery of the sentry on guard that the detective was not in possession of a pass to drive in a motor-car, was obviated by a sudden attack of aural catarrh in conjunction with unexpected foot pressure on the accelerator.

* * *

Would we be in time? As I sat there, watch in hand, pointing out the way to the driver with one eye and watching the minutes ticking away with the other, I experienced all the emotions of the cinema hero (Jack Middleton, the young Virginia planter) intent on rescuing the beautiful girl (who has thrown him over) from the clutches of the unspeakable villain (Hubert B. Weatherstone, the wealthy and handsome Seattle banker).

* * *

That motor drive to M—— was not unmixed with peril. Twice we balanced precariously on the wheels, and once on a greasy patch we turned a complete circle, yet, as we rushed into M—— station, we had a full half-minute in hand. Would we be in time? A train was in the station and just about to gather steam. With the bay of a hound that sees its quarry, the detective sprang aboard the train, and just as I was about to do the same a gibbering sentry caught me by the slack of the breeches and pulled me violently over on my back. From a prone position on the platform I observed with a thrill that Monsieur Blanc was piloting an agitated individual along the corridor by the scruff of his neck, and I knew that our mission was not in vain. Once more had virtue triumphed over sin.

Yours ever, Jack Johnson

Directing the Way at the Front

"Ye know the dead 'orse across the road? Well, keep straight on till ye comes to a perambulator 'longside a Johnson 'ole"

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

War Against the Dead

THE "NO GERMAN MUSIC" ABSURDITY

THOSE of us who have preached, struggled, and, in some cases, paid for the cause of musical nationalism for years, may well pray to be delivered from our new friends. For the latest essay in patriotism seems to consist in writing to the papers to abuse the management of the Promenade Concerts for the inclusion of Wagner's music in their programmes.

* * *

Patriotism apart, this is, from the musical point of view, poisonous rubbish. Besides, are we really to give up all the good things that come from Germany as well as endure all the bad ones? It seems like cutting off our nose to spite our face. Does any sane man propose to boycott Goëthe and Heine for the remainder of his days? Does anybody show any inclination to refuse to benefit by the discoveries of Ehrlich or Röntgen? Nor can I say I have noticed any overwhelming desire as yet to give up either Christmas or the Protestant Religion—both made in Germany.

* * *

As a matter of fact, from the nationalistic point of view, all this absurd nonsense may do no end of harm. One of the most constant laws in the world is the law that reaction follows excess. In a few years time, when the public fury begins to subside—and no kettle can boil for ever, much less anything so lazy and inconstant as the English democratic kettle—people will begin to ask themselves the why and the wherefore of all this fuss. Then will come the reckoning. Not only will there be an orgy of 'standard works," but, to be frank, there will be a reaction in favour of all German music, good, bad, and indifferent. Not only shall we, in all probability, have to endure Beethoven's Fifth Symphony twice a week instead of once, and the Tannhäuser overture three times a day instead of twice, but Richard Strauss and Max Reger and Schönberg will capture English concert-halls by storm, and hold them firmly against all comers for at least a decade.

* * *

If instead of decrying defunct great masters our newly converted musical jingoes would encourage a few living composers by trying to understand what they have to say it would be better for everybody concerned. Cursing Wagner does not put a penny in the pockets of Delius, Bax, or Vaughan-Williams. It only disgusts musicians, and makes the whole cause of nationalism look ridiculous. However, there is one consolation: The public would not listen to those of us who trumpeted the virtues of British music; it is not in the least likely to be affected by those others who trombone the wickedness of Wagner, Brahms, or Beethoven. As a matter of fact, an evening at a "Wagner" night at the Queen's Hall is sufficient to remove any doubt on that score.

* * *

I am not a very great admirer of Sir Henry Wood's interpretations of Wagner's music. Much conducting has led him to emphasize details in a most disproportionate manner. You hear stray horn-parts acquiring an importance of which the composer surely never dreamed, you are disconcerted by a super-*rallentando* here and a feverish *accelerando* there. But Sir Henry has achieved one very remarkable result: He has made Wagner *the* popular composer in London. To a certain extent he may claim to have played on the Germans the same trick with regard to Wagner as they have played on us as regards Shakespeare. "Unser." Shakespeare may not quite be counterbalanced by "Our" Wagner, but the English public has certainly assimilated Wagnerian music (in its concert form, at any rate) in a most remarkable manner.

* * *

On the evening when I was in the Queen's Hall Promenade last week it was amazing to watch the keenness with which those who stood around me (very many in khaki) followed every note of the Prelude to "Tristan," seeming to know exactly what phrase or what climax was coming next. It was no less amazing to notice the enthusiasm with which they listened to Miss Gleeson White's very fine interpretation of the closing scene from "Gotterdämmerung." Mr. Frank Mullings, too, as that first exponent of Teutonic "frightfulness," Siegfried, simply brought the house down with the Forge Song. True, the audience round me seemed to think the Magic Sword was called "Nothing" instead of "Nothung," but, all things said and done, that really makes very little difference to a proper appreciation of the music. And, for my part, I would have forgiven them a far more heinous offence to see how their heads wagged in delighted unison with the "Meistersinger" overture.

* * *

Decidedly Wagner is in his very essence a German composer, and no less decidedly the English public adores his music. Patriots may deplore these facts, but they are none the less true. As an explanation, may a fervent nationalist emphasise yet once again the absurdity and the futility of trying to mix up artistic patriotism and political or even racial antipathy?

F. T.

Photograph *Lambert Weston*

MISS LAURA HAYWARD

Who, after a successful appearance in the Russian ballet at the Coliseum, is now playing in "Betty" at Daly's Theatre

"Little Miss Lancashire"

Portrait Study by *Bertram Park*

MISS UNITY MORE

Who is playing a leading part in the new Revue "Shell Out," which was successfully produced at the Comedy Theatre last week. One of the best scenes in the piece is that in which she appears as "Little Miss Lancashire," in a song and dance full of charm and character, assisted by a comely chorus arrayed in the shawl, skirt and clogs of the mill-hand

Trawling in the North Sea—1915

A GOODLY HAUL BY XV No. 3

BY LIEUT. E. G. O. BEUTTLER, R.N.V.R.

The PROOF of the PUDDING

BY C. MALCOLM HINCKS

THE STORY OF A RAW RECRUIT

"THEY'LL call your name when the doctor's ready for you."

Upsdale thanked the busy official politely, and stepped into the little cubicle in the Central Recruiting Office. A printed notice on the wall told him to take off all his clothes, and underneath was a caution to take his money and valuables into the doctor's room with him.

Upsdale shivered as he took off his flannel jacket. Was he already to mix with thieves? His sensitive soul rejected the idea of stepping into the room on the other side of the curtains without a stitch upon him.

"I'm not built for a soldier," he muttered, repeating the phrase he had used almost from the commencement of the war. He stood in his silk vest and bare feet, and had a wild longing to dress and rush from the building.

"Francis Morton Upsdale!"

The curtain was pulled on one side, and a curt voice called his name. Leaving his valuables, rather than walk in holding his watch in one hand and his purse in another, he stepped into the room, and as he did so he laughed.

The doctor frowned.

"I beg your pardon," said Upsdale hastily, for the doctor was in khaki, the first uniformed official to interview him. "I left my money behind because I thought it undignified to carry it here. It strikes one as humorous now."

He certainly did not cut a dignified figure. The doctor smiled faintly.

"The less you think of dignity and the more humour you can see, the happier you'll be," he said shortly, and the next moment was examining his somewhat lean, narrow form for any marks. The birthmark on his left shoulder was called out to a man who entered details in a book. He had been vaccinated twice, there was a mole on his back. Then the doctor was at work with the stethoscope.

"He won't pass me." That was Upsdale's dominant thought. He watched the impassive face eagerly, seeking a clue to his thoughts. Well, if they rejected him he would have had the satisfaction of having tried. He was convinced that he would be useless as a soldier, and to be rejected would save him a lot of discomfort, and he would resume his occupation of making three hundred a year and living in luxury.

He was conscious that his chest was measured, that he was weighed, that he passed the sight test with absurd ease. The stern, bored doctor commented on it. "You've very good eyes," was his remark, and Upsdale vaguely wondered whether that would counter-balance a possible defect in some other part of his anatomy.

"Dress."

He went back to the cubicle and got into his clothes. Had he passed? Would he walk out into Whitehall as Francis Morton Upsdale, free to act as he chose, or would he leave the building as Private Upsdale, a number, a mere unit in a mighty machine subservient to that strange intangible, but very real thing, discipline?

An official with a bowler hat on the back of his head and a half-smoked cigarette between his lips came up to him with a batch of papers in his hand.

"You've passed," he said. "Good luck to you. Come with me to that chap over there."

Passed! Upsdale had a strange feeling of mingled dismay and pride. He had not wanted to be a soldier, he had hoped that with a clear conscience he would have been able to have gone back to his normal life. But he had passed, he was not inefficient, he was fit to be a soldier. He was rather proud to think that he was a fitter man than he had thought himself.

A man examined his papers, and told him he could be sworn in at once. Then if he chose he could have a couple of days leave, or he could go straight to Aldershot to join his regiment.

"Oh, I'll go straight to Aldershot," said Upsdale. "Now I'm in it I may as well get on with it as soon as possible."

The man nodded carelessly, and the recruit was conducted to another room to be attested. He did not want leave; he felt that he had shut the door on freedom. His firm were going to keep his berth open, he had said farewell to his paternal aunt, the only living relative he cared in the least about. A man of method, once having come to a decision, he had arranged everything methodically, his affairs were all settled.

That afternoon he left Waterloo with a mixed batch of men for Aldershot. A genial little Cockney christened him Gilbert the Filbert.

. . . . . .

"Ain't I told you that a rifle ain't a walkin' stick?" roared the red-faced, perspiring drill-instructor; "you ought to be in a circus, that's where you ought to be."

Upsdale flushed, his lips were compressed. Six weeks of hard drilling had taught him discipline. In the first week he had protested at the manner in which a somewhat bullying sergeant had addressed him. He had not been encouraged to repeat the experiment, and it had not made things easier for him.

The instructor mopped his face.

"Now then. Have another try to present arms. On the word—raise the rifle with the right hand perpendicularly in front of the centre of the body, at the same time—thumb pointing towards the muzzle, at the same time—Present—Arms!"

Upsdale bungled it, but escaped reproof for the moment, and the second time he did better. It angered him to see other men picking up their drill far quicker than he, even the little Cockney who had christened him Gilbert the Filbert, a man of far less education and intelligence was an expert compared with himself.

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(Continued on page 314)

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY
(Continued from page 313)

At last they were dismissed for dinner, and the Cockney, Jim Hobbs by name, came alongside him.

"You'll never make a soldier, matey," he said not unkindly, "you ain't built that way. It ain't because you're a toff; there's plenty of toffs piggin' it with the rest of us an' enjoyin' themselves. Some of 'em could have been officers, strike me they could, but they reckon there's more sport in the ranks. What in blazes made you 'list, cully?"

"Funk!" said Upsdale shortly. "The posters, the leading articles in the newspapers, the chaff and sneers of people I met, I knew I'd be no good as a soldier, but—oh, I'm absolutely fed up with it!"

The other man shrugged his shoulders.

"It ain't no use bein' fed up," he said, philosophically. "Every time I get riled, every time the sergeant is down on me, I says to myself, 'That's another blinkin' German wot's got to go under.' I can't take it out of the bosses 'ere, but lum'me them Germans will 'ave to go through it, not 'alf they won't. Seventy-three of Kaiser Bill's little lot 'ave got to be wiped out up to the present to make me feel as 'ow I've squared accounts, so to speak."

Upsdale shuddered.

"It's awful," he said.

"Look 'ere, matey. I don't want to be rude, but there's limits. Killin' Germans is our job, an' every man to 'is job. You may be a blinkin' rotten soldier, but you needn't be a coward. If you're the sort wot would do a bunk you and me will fall out. I'll tell you this much. I'd shoot you if you tried to mike off, strike me I would!"

Upsdale flushed angrily.

"I may be a fool, but I'm not a coward," he said bitterly. "I hate the job, but I'll see it through!"

. . . . . .

There was no martial pomp about the departure of the Blankshires for the front. No band played them to the station, no handkerchiefs fluttered as the troopship left the dock, no farewell messages were called.

Upsdale was glad of it. He hated fuss, he hated all things martial. He admired the wonderful organisation of the embarcation, as a business man he appreciated the marvellous rapidity and machine-like regularity of the whole thing.

It was a vile night, and a heavy sea was running, the flotilla of destroyers escorting the larger vessels were awash. He was the only man in his platoon who was not ill. The Cockney, Jim Hobbs, Corporal Hobbs now, gazed at him with mingled envy and hatred. Upsdale felt a mad sense of delight; here on this rolling vessel he felt happier than he had done since he had enlisted. He loved the sea; yachting had once been his hobby. In camp and parade-ground he had been the duffer, the man looked down upon, now he had a feeling of superiority that gave great joy, at least he was a better sailor than the vast majority of his comrades.

Then he landed in France. A changed France from that of his week-ends in the days gone by. Save for the names on the shops in the streets they marched through, it might have been England; far more English than French seemed to be spoken. English soldiers, English motors predominated. The camp at the base might have been Aldershot, save that the work was harder and the discipline still more strict.

For six weeks they remained at the base. Then one scorching day, packed tight in a long train of trucks, they travelled many miles through a countryside that showed the scars of war. Trains full of wounded men passed in the opposite direction, and Upsdale paled. Every mile found him nearer the firing line. Would he return from it maimed and broken in a hospital train, or would he find the end of all things, and lie under the soil of France?

He fell to working out his chances of ever traversing that line again, perspiration broke out on his brow, a brown-faced curly-haired youngster in a corner of the carriage was wailing out a dismal tune on a mouth organ.

"I can't go on! I can't go on!"

The monotonous hum of the wheels seemed to take up the words mockingly. He was no earthly use as a soldier, cowardice was upon him now, but he would have to go on. There was no drawing back; he would go on!

Presently the train came to a stop, and the order was given to alight, rations were served out on the platform of what had once been a village station, but was now a huge military depôt. Evening was drawing in, away in the distance came the incessant thunder of heavy artillery.

Corporal Hobbs came up, his face alight with excitement.

"We're in for it, boys," he cried; "we're waiting for motors to take us to the trenches. There's been an unexpected attack, an' we're to go up as reinforcements. We'll be in a lovely scrap to-night, my lads!"

The curly-haired boy and several other youngsters cheered. Those that were silent looked pleased. Upsdale's face was expressionless. He had lost the panic of fear that had come upon him in the train, but he looked forward with dread to the night.

A string of lorries and cars came up, men quietly took the seats allotted to them, and one after another the big cars set off along a road torn up by heavy traffic, with every now and then a huge hole made by a shell.

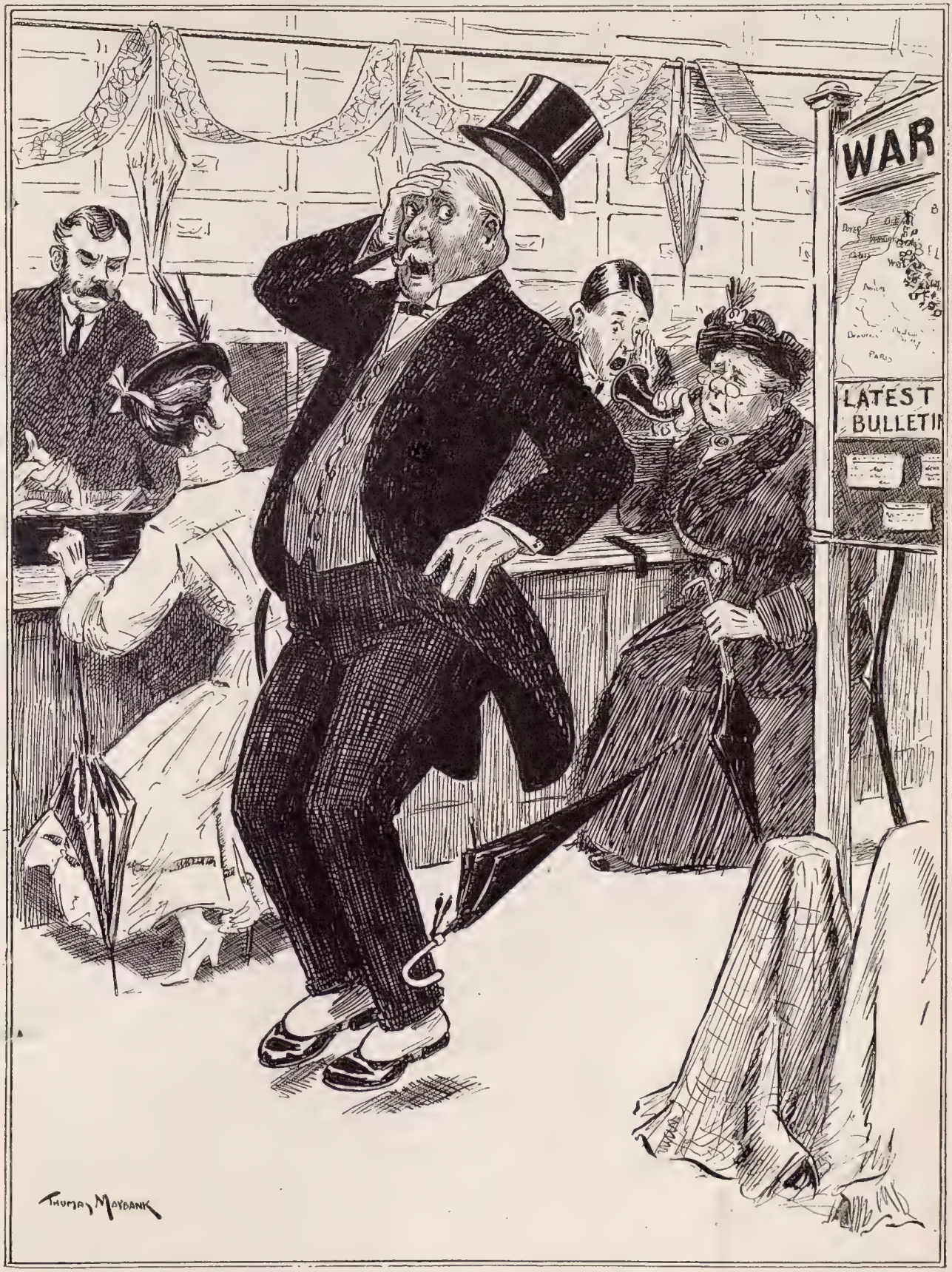
Upsdale sat close to the driver, marvelling at his coolness. He looked about as much concerned as if he were driving them down to Brighton for the week-end. He kept a steady pace of about thirty-five miles an hour, swerved round shell holes, and seemed to be able to see perfectly through the blinding cloud of dust raised by the cars in front.

Then a whistle shrilled out, and the pace slackened. There were constant challenges from sentries now, and soon the long line of cars came to a halt, and the men were paraded. The Colonel addressed them briefly, telling them that they had been unexpectedly called upon to take part in an important engagement, that they were now going to the reserve line of trenches, and that he felt sure they would uphold the honour of the regiment.

Corporal Hobbs marched next to Upsdale as they set off on the march.

(Continued on page 316)

These Alarmists



SHOP ASSISTANT (*shouting to deaf old lady who is trying to match a dark blue ribbon*): "The Navy's all gone—None of it left"

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY
(Concluded from page 314)

"Feeling perky?" he asked, evidently remembering their conversation at Aldershot months ago.

"I'm all right," said Upsdale curtly, "Corporal," he added, remembering that thing of iron, discipline.

A shrapnel shell whistled over their heads and burst just behind the rear rank. Some half-stifled cries came to Upsdale's ears, but he did not look back. He knew there would be still and writhing figures lying on the ground, and he did not want to see them.

The order came to advance at the double, another shell screamed overhead, but fell harmlessly on the right flank. A searchlight had detected an inquisitive Taube, and two British biplanes were dashing towards it like hawks swooping down on their prey.

Upsdale's heart was in his mouth; the awful din almost deafened him. A man on his left started softly singing a hymn, but was promptly stopped.

They reached the communication trench; grimy, dishevelled men, some with roughly bandaged heads or hands were coming out; to Upsdale's amazement they seemed cheerful. A man with an ugly red streak on his face was pulling stolidly at an empty pipe; they might have been workmen coming out of the factory gates.

For what seemed miles they passed along a labyrinth of trenches, for the most part in single file. Then Upsdale found himself in the first line of the reserve trenches. Shells from British guns some miles behind him shrieked over his head.

The commander of his platoon, an enthusiastic young officer, who wanted his men to take an intelligent interest in what was going on, explained that they were about to make a counter attack, and that the heavy artillery was preparing the way for them. Upsdale felt quite cool and collected now. Fear had left him. He found himself counting the shells that hustled through the air and speculating on what havoc they were creating. He was a mere spectator watching a thrilling play.

A German shell burst some yards in front of their trench, covering them with earth and stones.

"Good try," he said unconcernedly.

"My Gawd, it's awful, awful!"

He turned in surprise at the agony in the voice. Corporal Hobbs's face looked ghastly in the faint light of a watery moon. The rifle leaning on the parapet of the trench was shaking. The sight staggered Upsdale. He glanced hastily at the man on the other side of him, he was brushing away the earth from his collar, and swearing because some had gone down his neck.

Then suddenly there was a movement ahead, the thunder of the guns in the rear ceased, black forms seemed to spring from the bowels of the earth and charge towards the German trenches, there was a rattle of rifle fire and the angry spitting of machine guns.

"At the double—charge!"

Stray bullets whistled past, then Upsdale became aware that he was going mad, that a red mist was before his eyes, that he wanted to kill someone. The British first line was wavering before the deadly hail from the machine guns, men were dropping. Then with a feeling half of sheer joy, half of nausea, he pulled his bayonet from the quivering body of a man as he sprang into the foul trench, with its stench of blood and filth.

He stood ready for a charge. Then he discovered that he was alone in a section of the trench save for one man, who sat on the body of a dead German, holding his hand to his left ear and announcing that he was bleeding to death.

"Pull yourself together, Hobbs," he said sharply.

"The beggars have got reinforcements, and are coming on again. Here, you understand machine guns. Is this workable?"

Corporal Hobbs was trembling in every limb.

"There's only two of us, we're done," he said hoarsely. "I'm your superior officer, and I tell you we've got to surrender."

Upsdale was struggling with the abandoned German machine gun, and he got it round to face the oncoming mass of grey.

"I order you to——."

"Shut up, you fool!" snapped Upsdale. "If you bother me I'll put a bullet through you. This gun is our only chance. Considerate of the blighters to leave it. Curse it, something's jammed!"

"Let it jam, you blinkin' idiot," cried the Corporal. "If you kill one of 'em it's all up with us. 'Ere, I'm goin' to show my 'andkerchief, I'm——."

Francis Morton Upsdale wheeled round and struck his superior officer. It was a hard blow, and more luck than judgment placed it on the point of the jaw. Corporal Hobbs rolled over and lay still.

. . . . . .

Reinforcements coming up found a young madman working a red-hot German machine gun. His face was black, a red stream oozed through the grime on his forehead. He used the last belt of cartridges, then turned and saluted an amazed lieutenant.

"I hand over the command to you, sir," he said quietly. "That chap you're standing on is alive. He's my corporal. I'm hit in the left shoulder, I think, and——."

He pitched suddenly forward into the arms of the officer.

"Plucky devil," said the young lieutenant. "Hit in three places, and kept the bally German gun going. What luck!"

. . . . . .

They gave Francis Morton Upsdale the V.C. and Corporal Hobbs was awarded the D.C.M. The newspapers made a thrilling story of it. The pictorial press published photographs of the two heroes leaving Buckingham Palace.

The true story is only known to two men. For obvious reasons Corporal Hobbs maintains a discreet silence. Upsdale, whose wounds rendered him unfit for further service, and was, therefore, unable to accept the commission offered him, feels no contempt for the little Cockney.

"War is a mad business," he says to himself. "Sane, Hobbs is a brave man; he could stick ten times what I could; mad he is a coward. Sane, I'm no earthly use as a soldier. Mad, I suppose I was!"

And then he wonders if he could ever have been so mad again!

C. MALCOLM HINCKS

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In the event of two or more forecasts being judged of equal merit, the prize will be awarded to the sender of the first of these to reach this office. There is no objection to an individual reader sending additional forecasts in subsequent weeks.

The latest date for sending in will be September 30, but the Editor reserves the right to extend it to a later date if circumstances make this advisable and, in the unlikely event of the war closing before that date, to conclude it earlier.

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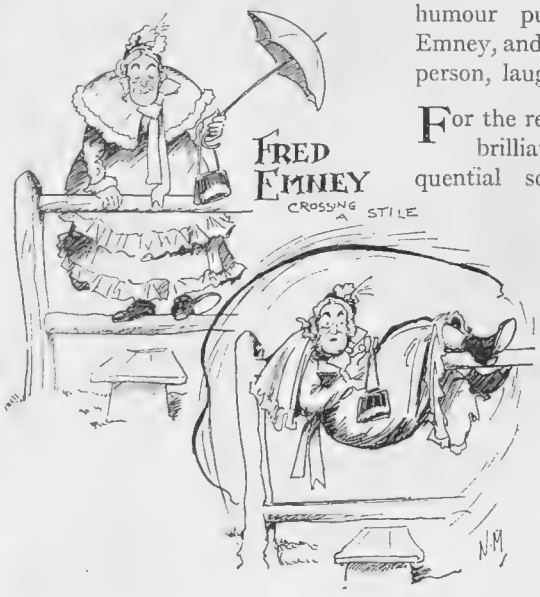
LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Shell Out!" at the Comedy Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

OUT of this fascinating whirl of fun and loveliness one picture stands very clearly to me. The scene is a rural spot with pleasant fields and lofty trees. There is a rather high stile leading from one field to another, and there is a dear old lady who looks with a puzzled smile at the obstruction in her path. But there is clearly no help for it. The obstacle must be surmounted. With an effort the dear old lady raises one foot to the first step. Then, after a pause to prepare herself for a still greater exertion, she gets the second foot in its place. The next obstacle, the cross-bar of the stile, is a more serious one; and as the dear old lady eyes it warily, the unsympathetic audience begins to titter. The titter, in anticipation of the worst, becomes a roar of laughter of an intensity that would be a rarity even in peace time. But the dear old lady is not daunted by the lack of encouragement. With a mighty fling she gets one foot over the cross-bar, and then pauses for breath while we have a generous glimpse of a white stocking and something vague in red flannel. By this time the callous audience is shrieking aloud in its whole-souled mirth. The dear old lady, looking at us for a moment with a reproachful glance for our lack of nice feeling, makes a valiant effort to throw the other foot over, with the result that she swings round abruptly like a gymnast on the horizontal bar, and—lands precisely at the spot from which she started. This is a scene of genuine humour purveyed by Mr. Fred Emney, and I, being a rather shallow person, laughed at it till I cried.



A MATTER OF STILE

For the rest, the Revue is a quite brilliant medley of inconsequential scenes, agreeably alternating the nonsensical with the beautiful. A very lively song, with a still livelier chorus, is contributed by Miss Unity More as a lovely little lass from Lancashire. A lady once asked Oscar Wilde how she should arrange the pictures in her drawing-room. Wilde replied: "My dear madam, for Heaven's sake do not arrange them. Let them occur." The scenes in this Revue do not seem to be the result of any arrangement; they occur. There is no reason in the world why a scene representing a Great White Sale should be followed by a street scene showing the latest and most artistic method of picking pockets. It just happens so, and that is all. You may keep your love of consistency and your sense of logic for any other function; but when you enter the Comedy Theatre you will do well to fling such trifles to the wind. A man who doubtless thought himself clever once propounded what he considered a self-evident truth, namely, that one thing leads to another. But after that man had been to see *Shell Out!* he would have made a full and complete recantation of his heresy, and have probably added a proper apology for being alive at all. In this Revue nothing leads to anything. Everything crops up in the most delightfully irresponsible manner in the world, and you have the satisfaction of knowing that even if you should occasionally have laughed in the wrong place that is probably what the producers intended you to do.

One of the brightest scenes in the Revue is enacted at the stage-door of a theatre. A new play has just been produced, and a fair young girl, a humble worshipper of stage people, has hurried round from the

(*Continued on page 320*)

A LAY OF THE LANCASHIRE LASS

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LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded from page 318)

A WHIRL OF FUN AND LOVELINESS

auditorium in order to see the coruscating stars leave the theatre. She explains to the commissionaire that she has been deeply impressed

AN IMPRESSION OF ONE OF TOM STUART'S "IMPRESSIONS"

by the good-looking hero with his silken moustache and his glossy black hair, and the commissionaire, smiling politely behind his hand, invites her to wait and see the brilliant procession. Presently an insignificant looking man emerges with a briar pipe in his mouth, and as he raises his hat it is noticeable that he is bald and middle-aged. The fair girl is shocked to learn that this is the gallant young hero whose appearance on the stage brought such a delicious flutter to her maiden heart. After all, as philosophy teaches us, life is mostly made up of illusions. Nothing is but thinking makes it so. And if it pleases the girls to admire *matinée* idols, it seems a pity to reveal the feet of clay.

The procession from the stage-door continued in the same disappointing manner. A gorgeously dressed lady emerged and asked the commissionaire in imperious tones where her car was. The fair girl decided that this must be the leading lady of the theatre; but the commissionaire gently explained that she was mistaken. The elaborately apparelled lady was merely one of the chorus, and in the back row at that. People who foster the delusion that I have a rare fund of information on matters theatrical sometimes ask me how it is that a ballet-girl can afford to keep a motor-car on a salary of eighteen shillings a week. But I am unable to reply because I do not know. Presently, a bustling, plainly dressed little woman, who announces that she is going home by the Tube gives the commissionaire a cheery "good-night," and it is explained to us that this is the heroine, and she is going home by Tube and not by motor-car because she is married. The logical sequence of the reply may not impress the reader, but I have nothing to add to it. And if I had, I wouldn't. More original are the comments of the minor employees of the theatre, each of whom is convinced that the play must be a failure because some trifling detail which is so apparent

THE GREAT WHITE SALE—DOING BUSINESS AS USUAL

to them, though probably unnoticed by the audience, had been incorrectly presented. This amusing scene concludes with a song and chorus—the chorus being supplied by men apparently of the average age of four-score, so that the pertinent question as to why they are not in khaki does not arise. The other choruses are of the Beauty kind, so indispensable to entertainments of this sort to-day. In this case the chorus has been selected with great discrimination, and a careful—I may say, a very careful—scrutiny of the lovely creatures leads me to the conclusion that there may well be potential peeresses among them. When our eligible peers return from their job at the front they will have got so used to taking risks that anything may happen.

JINGLE

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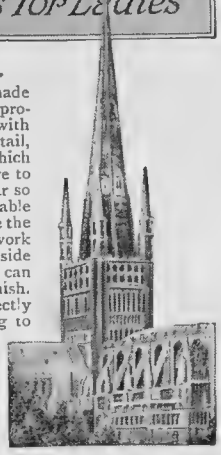

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"Alfred the Optimist"

BY JOHN N. RAPHAEL

"I DON'T want a peerage, or anything of that sort," he said. "But if I were asked to edit a daily paper nowadays——."

The editor had expressed a wish for a bright and cheery article on the necessity for optimism. I happen to be in London. It was one of those fearful wet days in August when umbrella-sellers rejoice and taxi-cabmen whirl by with a haughty, non-committal stare. One of those days when you must either be funny or commit suicide, one of those days—well, London in August. Why whitewash the lily? "An article on optimism?" I asked. "Optimism? Well, I certainly know Alfred Lester rather well, and ——." The editor unbent at once. "Of course," he said. He disentangled his brows from their Olympian gloom, he almost smiled (I was not in the least surprised that it thundered at that moment, and hailed immediately afterwards), he struck his mighty chest and roared: "The very thing!" So I went to see Mr. Alfred Lester.

I found him at the Oxford Music Hall, where he had just appeared in "The Long Shoreman." He was picking flecks of whitewash from his hair and eyebrows, and looked, as he usually looks, genially unhappy. "I don't want a peerage, or anything of that sort," he said, "but if I were asked to edit a daily paper nowadays——." "Then you are an optimist?" said I. "Me?" said Alfred Lester, "my dear old chap, I'm nuts on optimism. I don't know what people have got to complain about." (He was heartbreakingly cheerful.) "Am *I* downhearted? I picked up half a sovereign on the stage yesterday, but I didn't write to the *Times* about it because it turned out to be a bad halfpenny, did I? The duty of everybody is optimism, these days. I'm saving up for Christmas now myself. You know, I've always thought I'd like to edit a daily paper in London and show people what real cheerfulness should be. I think I could do a great deal with the placards, you know:—

AFTER WARSAW—
LONDON

Things like that. Merry and bright, that's what a paper's got to be. Find out the bad news before it happens, and anticipate it—that's the line!"

"Not very merry," I said. "Well, it all depends how you look at it," said Alfred Lester.

"Of course, I haven't got any time, just now. I'm playing in three music-halls a night, and that takes doing. But if I *could* spare a couple of hours a day I'd like to try my hand at editing a newspaper. Don't you think I should make a very interesting editor of the *Daily Wail*? What a paper wants nowadays is new ideas and cheerful ones. I am a great believer in intellect. I should engage George Graves (I like his name) to write a series of articles on "A British Summer, and Its Effect on the Allies," for instance. Then some nice cheerful photographs of explosions would encourage recruiting, I think. And if he would go, I'd send Lord Northcliffe out as special correspondent near Ypres somewhere. I think he might do the country a lot of good." "He'd probably get shot," I said. "Yes," said Mr. Alfred Lester, "that's exactly what I mean."

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MR. ALFRED LESTER

The well-known comedian, of "Always Merry and Bright" fame, who explains on this page how he would apply his motto to existing circumstances, if he had the time to spare

"If I had any time over from editing the *Daily Wail* there are several odd jobs in the Government that want remodelling. I don't see why there shouldn't be a 'Cheery Department' in the Home Office, or is it the Censorship? One of the first jobs of the Department would be the editing of the posters of the evening papers. You know the kind of thing that happens now. The news comes in that the French have made a stride forward in the Vosges, that things are looking very well in the Balkans, that the Russians have taken a German fort, that the Italians are giving Austria beans, and so on. The evening papers come out with 'Terrible accident to a well-known politician.' You buy up papers—it's wonderful what a lot of halfpennies you can spend in a hundred yards of Piccadilly. You go and sit down in your club and search the papers feverishly for the news, and you find that the 'Terrible accident to a well-known politician' is that Sylvia Pankhurst has lost her head.

"No, what is wanted in England to-day is cheerfulness and if I only had a little more time I'd give it 'em. Nobody can accuse me of not being cheerful, can they?"

We met in Havana 400 years ago - Columbus and myself.

I am a Cheruto - Carolina Cheruto - open at both ends.

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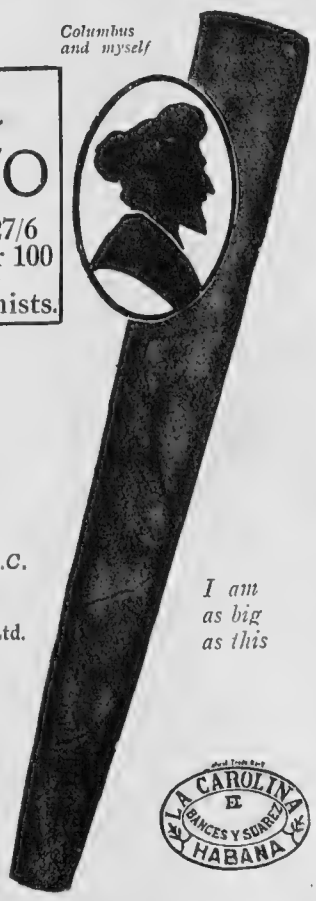
Columbus and myself



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Books of the Week

NOVELS AND OTHERWISE

Aristocracy

THERE is a book just published which will irritate (and be very good for) a large number of ordinary people, and please the smaller quantity of extraordinary people for whom it has primarily been written. Mr. A. M. Ludovici is already well-known for his various works on that much-discussed and much-misunderstood philosopher, Nietzsche. Now in *A Defence of Aristocracy* (Constable: 10*s.* 6*d.* net) he starts off, as it were, entirely on his own. In many ways this brilliant treatise seems to have a particular application to the restless world of to-day, yet it was written and finished, as its author, now at the front, tells us, months before anybody in this country dreamt of the tragedy that was upon us.

The Need of Great Men

Mr. Ludovici's book is a great polemic. In the democratic ideals of to-day he sees nothing but degradation, and, in the end, death. He pines, and surely in this respect most of us are with him, for great men to rule. He sees salvation only in a return to the patriarchal methods of long ago. You are not to think that his book is an *apologia* for our House of Lords. Far from it. The peers, indeed, come in for such knocks as must almost be to the taste of Mr. Arthur Ponsonby himself. Mr. Ludovici's aristocrat has nothing in common with the party hack who buys his peerage in the usual (and most disgraceful) way. His aristocrat is the man of true taste, the artist who knows instinctively what is right and good for a nation, the superior man who has the power to make the nation love and respect him. The failure of our own aristocracy Mr. Ludovici puts down to its unwillingness to understand the true responsibilities of a privileged man. To-day he finds that we look on the country's prosperity in terms of export and import, and for this lamentable state of affairs he blames not only the Puritans who murdered King Charles and so the true aristocratic tradition, but also the aristocrats themselves, who have been false to the traditions of their caste. It is really a remarkable book, and however unpalatable you may find some of its conclusions to be—that is to say, if you are a democrat yourself—you will not be able to put it down until every page has been read. Here is something virile and challenging and new, which should set your brains at work upon certain problems which many people have stupidly considered closed for all time.

DR. F. A. SMITH, Ph.D.

Late English lecturer in the University of Erlangen, whose book, "The Soul of Cermany," recently published by Hutchinson and Co., met with such immediate success

When Queen Anne Died

One often wonders why the news that Queen Anne really and truly died like anybody else should continue to bear such significance to-day. In her new novel Patricia Wentworth pays tribute to the old saying and annexes it for her title. *Queen Anne is Dead* (Melrose: 6*s.*) has nothing particular to do with her defunct Majesty, but is a brisk tale of adventure and love in those troubled days when the great question was "For James or George." My Lord Viscount Clavering, whom *modish* London took for dead, returns to town in time to see his property gambled away by his successor, but being a sportsman, gives the winner a run for his money. His subsequent adventures in France in search of Lady Marsden's compromising letters—oh, those letters!—lead by natural steps to his marriage. A villainous old Dowager and a Jacobite spy go the way of all villains in romantic fiction, and my Lord Viscount is left to enjoy himself when King George reaches these shores. Not a bad "costume" novel, if not particularly original.

In Australia

Another story of adventure, of a far higher order, is Sir George Makgill's *Felons* (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*). Sir George is not the first novelist to make use of those wild scenes so common in Sydney and the neighbourhood in the days when our convicts were transported there in ships which, to say the least, were the reverse of comfortable. Young Miles Bicknor's adventures, after falling in love with one of the female convicts on the voyage out, are well worth the telling, and the author shows unusual skill in drawing the two characters of Captain Godfrey Bicknor and skipper Hardish. Which of the two men is the villain is the exciting question which the reader must find out for himself. The end of the book, too, is off the conventional. Sir George Makgill has studied his period well, and his book is in many ways a triumph. In these days of problem novels and the like it is refreshing to come across a rattling story of the good old-fashioned kind.

Sensation

Mr. Edgar Wallace is nearly always able to provide agreeable sensation. *The Man Who Bought London* (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*) contains a number of dramatic improbabilities which together make up a story that demands reading at a sitting. King Kerry's methods of buying London piecemeal and of running a huge drapery store are startling, but no more startling than his extraordinary connection with his rival, Hermann Zeberlieff. The good luck which comes to Elsie Marion, originally an assistant in the drapery stores, is, no doubt, thoroughly well-deserved, and King Kerry, being a decent man in spite of his millions, comes to share it in the end. Mr. Wallace writes so much that he occasionally publishes a story not up to the standard one expects from the author of *The Four Just Men*, but this latest novel provides sufficient thrills to satisfy everybody who can enjoy a fantasia of any kind.

R. S.

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BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 613.—Vol. XLVII. Wednesday, September 1, 1915 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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(Would be sold with less land).

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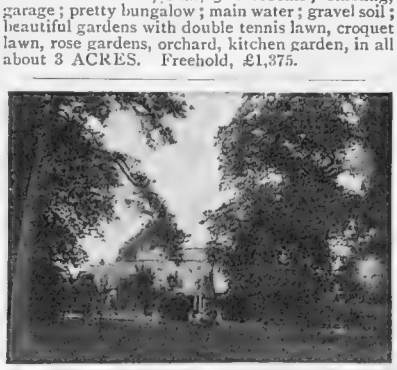

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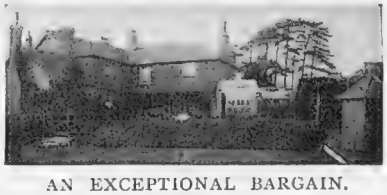

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Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc. The Standard Remedy for over 40 years.
At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/6 & 4/6.

Helpful Advice to Nursing Mothers

MANY mothers would like to feed their own children, but are denied the privilege of doing so, because they have not sufficient nourishment for them. The 'Allenburys' scientific system of Infant Feeding has provided for all this. When a mother is partly able to feed her baby she may give **The 'Allenburys' Milk Food No. 1** for alternate feeds, so alike are the natural and prepared food in this instance, and this food should be continued until the weaning process has been entirely completed. The mother herself must be well nourished, and to this end may partake freely of the **'Allenburys' DIET** a partially pre-digested milk and wheaten food, which like the Milk Food No. 1, is instantly made ready for use by simply adding *boiling water only.* After childbirth the **'Allenburys' DIET** is surprisingly helpful in maintaining the strength and producing a good flow of rich milk.

The 'Allenburys' Foods

The "Allenburys" FOODS
For Infants.

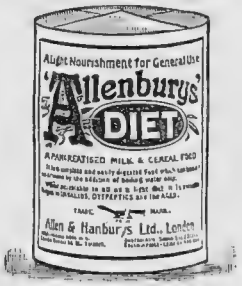
Milk Food No. 1. From birth to 3 months. Tins 1/6 and 3/- each.

Milk Food No. 2 From 3 to 6 months. Tins 1/6, 3/- each

Malted Food No. 3. 6 months upwards In Tins at 6d., 1/-, 2/-, 5/- and 10/- each

The 'Allenburys' Feeder.
The Simplest and Best Feeding Bottle on the Market. Easily cleansed by flushing the tap. In box complete, 1/3.

The "Allenburys" DIET
For Nursing Mothers.



For Nursing Mothers, Invalids Dyspeptics, and the Aged
The DIET is quite distinct from the 'Allenburys' Foods for Infants. In Tins at 1/6, 3/-, 6/- each

The 'Allenburys' Rusks (Malted)
From 10 months upwards. In Tins at 1/6 and 2/9 each.

Write for a large-sized ***Free Sample*** *of Food stating age of child and whether Weaned or Unweaned. Also for* ***free book "Infant Feeding and Management"*** ***64*** *pages of valuable information for every mother.*

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., 37, Lombard Street, London.

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Mother and Child. Baby 6½ months.

Fed from birth on the 'Allenburys' Foods.

HOW THE NAPIER CAME TO BANGKOK

It came through the British education of the King of Siam who (naturally) conceiving an admiration for British things and institutions, and having developed discrimination in the selection of the best of them (naturally again), thought of the Napier when it came to the matter of motor-cars. His Majesty, sitting (outside the Royal Palace of Bangkok) at the wheel of the 16-22 h.p. model, now owns no less than fourteen Napiers

Motoring and a New Regulation

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Lights!

A NEW lighting order came into operation a week ago. Now you must light up half an hour after sunset and keep alight until half an hour before sunrise. This revolutionary order (which applies in the City and metropolitan areas) arrives with official haste about thirty years too late. Most motorists, and, before the car era, most cyclists, finding that an hour after sunset it was generally dangerously dark, lit their lamps before the regulation hour in their own interests. The only difference now will be in the fact that the foolish person also must light up.

***

A Change of Charge

This lighting order does not affect any of the darkening orders. "Lighting up" merely means as to 90 per cent. of the available light, "darkening down." The principal result of the regulation may be to engage the police in work which is not terribly necessary. It will also provide Kingston and similar authorities with an opportunity for varying the nature of their raids upon technical offenders. They can now trap (on a nice light evening, when a few motorists may be deceived into supposing it earlier than in fact is the case) for an offence against the half-hour rule. The charge can be held in reserve for the rare occasions when the summons for exceeding the speed-limit fails.

The Sloth of Authority

The regulation applies to all vehicles, and it will be interesting, if not exciting, to see how the years total of charges against motorists will compare with the total of charges against others. I am prepared to bet that, by comparison, the others will be very much "also rans." For the rest the fact that this rule has been in practical operation for years, is proof that the common sense of the people is usually a quarter of a century in front of the official recognition, the law generally being no more than the act of registration of the fact accomplished. This (with all due reservations) I maintain against all manner of folk, not only in connection with motoring, but in connection with all other departments of human thought and activity. We shall certainly see the common sense of the people prevailing over the useless law against technical speed offences; but the interregnum is very painful and very costly.

***

The Rebak

The Rebak Rim certificate has just been issued by the R.A.C. Not even the sterile and stodgy official language of the Club can obscure the fact that the Rebak Rim and the Rebak wheel are pretty notable additions to the catalogue of such. They seem to have done quite remarkably well. Rebak is, of course, Baker spelled backward; and Baker is the name possessed by a well-known personality in motoring with a reputation for being something of a wizard when it comes to wheels and rims.

***

Things that Matter

Triplex glass needs no bush at any time. It will need less since the underwriters of Lloyd's have been converted. Now they will give you 10 per cent. off, holding Triplex glass-fitted cars for pleasure or business to be a good risk to the extent of—whatever it is. Previously, the only thing they gave you was the order of the frozen face. In the which you will find a splendid vindication of all the safety claims made for Triplex, claims which I have had an opportunity of testing right out only to find them, every time and all the time, good.—The Rolls-Royce representative at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco (I hope that isn't his cable address) wires that the Rolls-Royce car has been awarded the gold medal, which is the highest prize that it could obtain.—With deepest regret I have to record the passing of my friend, F. T Swanborough, joint managing director of the Avon Company, who died after a tragically brief illness The progress, almost phenomenal, having regard to the difficulties of the tyre market, of the Avon Company was in very considerable measure justly attributable to the work of Swanborough.

Take the daylight with you.—The C.A.V. Dynamo set for Light Cars, complete £18 10s., gives the motorist a clear right of way. Brochure post free.—C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W.

The Cadillac has always been regarded as in a class by itself. To-day, with its Eight-Cylinder Engine, it is in a World all its own. It neither rides nor drives like any other car. F. S. BENNETT, Ltd., 219-229, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.

HOBSON PLUGS (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines.—Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. HOBSON, Ld., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W.

PRUDENCE

is the element which experience releases—the practical wisdom gathered from the great motoring highways, for instance.

"Safety—first"

The Goodrich Co. have embodied the fruits of this experience in their Safety Tread Tyre—the tyre that provides the largest amount of safety per inch, that grips with uncanny intelligence, and that carries the driver's will past all opposition.

Help forward this important "safety-first" movement by writing for a copy of the Goodrich Catalogue.

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Safety Tread
TYRES

Best in the long run!

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BEAUTIFULLY MODELLED MILITARY BADGE BROOCHES.

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Any Military or Naval Badge can be reproduced in Gold and Enamel, with or without Precious Stones from £3 10s. to £50. Sketches and estimates on application.

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DAIMLER, SIDDELEY-DEASY, ARROL JOHNSON,

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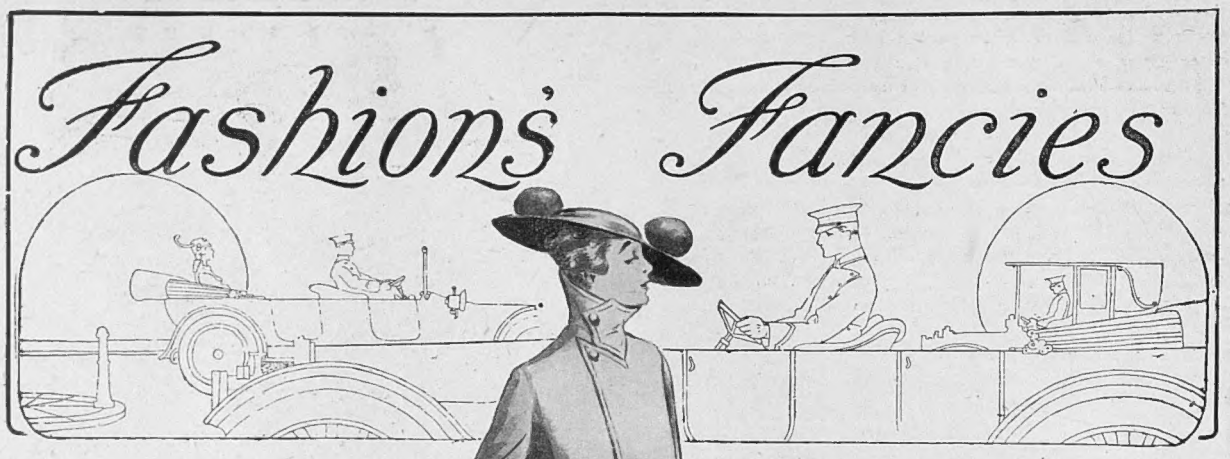
to sleep well, take for supper a cup of Ivelcon, and St. Ivel Lactic Cheese. Best and cheapest supper.

No Advance in Price

Fashion's Fancies



BY MRS. JACK MAY

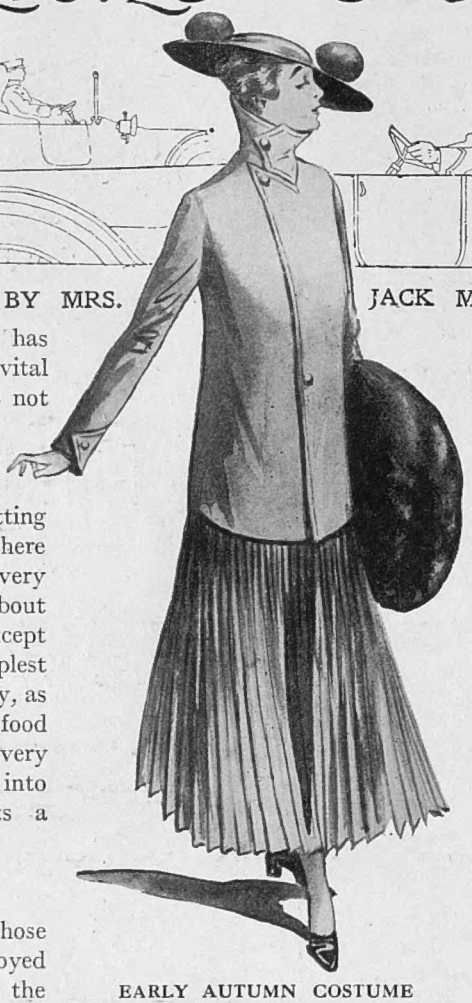
ALTHOUGH the weather has ceased to be a topic of vital importance, still it has not been a kind August. In consequence autumnal goods and fashions, such as they are, have been tentatively putting forth their claims. But there is, as a matter of fact, very little of interest to talk about where clothes are concerned, except these be of the very simplest character. However, simplicity, as a fresh phase, provides some food for reflection, and as we are very literally putting this text into practice, it certainly exacts a certain amount of discussion.

The Uses of Example

It is, of course, splendid of those women who have hitherto enjoyed the best of everything to set the good example of buying only such clothes as are absolutely necessary. And I, together with many others, will await with considerable keenness the upshot of these efforts. But like the food question discussed in the savings committees, the general bearing has very little interest for the large majority, who have no hesitation in pointing out how they have no luxuries to lop, and that their life is one long course of self-denial. When they are impressed by some well-intentioned big-wig that cheese has as much nutriment as meat, and that they must do without new laid eggs for breakfast, they may be forgiven for a slightly derisive smile, such knowledge being already theirs by right of birth. Given time, doubtless everything, good intentions, relative economies, and the rest, will all settle down to their destined positions, like irregular pieces of coloured glass in a kaleidoscope.

A Cosy Early Autumn Costume

Meanwhile here is our small offering towards suitable attire worked out on economical lines. The coat of pilot-cloth, made with the utmost simplicity, represents a possession that could not hurt the tenderest susceptibilities. Its supreme practicability is likewise apparent,



EARLY AUTUMN COSTUME

Specially designed for "The Bystander" to meet the prevailing need for simplicity and economy, and described in detail on this page

SKETCHED BY DOROTHY MILLAR

the high, rather close-fitting collar being held together in front by a buttoned *patte*, and more or less conforming the outline to the funnel-shaped collar, which has been struggling for recognition throughout the season. For the skirt a thinner material is requisitioned, one capable of taking an all-round kilt: a fine faced cloth or serge, or even a delaine would serve.

The hat worn is of the exceedingly shallow crown sailor type, the brim lined velvet and trimmed with two feather pom-poms, the one placed fore and the other aft. The straight brim *chapeau* in its many aspects seems likely to last the winter through. Older women in particular are inclined to cling to it, as affording a slightly more youthful appearance than the pronounced form of toque that otherwise seems their fate.

A Few Words About Furs

The talk, and there has been a considerable amount, as to the fancy for monkey fur does not interest me in the least. It is ugly, and an unnecessary straining after the bizarre. We have without that a sufficiently bewildering list of pleasing pelts to select from, foxes alone providing a large percentage. There are, to mention merely a handful, sepia-pointed fox, smoked, silver, natural Afghan fox, etc.

Full-Skirted Coats

Not even the simplest, most practical natural musquash wrap is exempt from this feature. At the hem, whether it occurs in a short, half, or full length model, it is decreed that this must flow or, at any rate, hang in free soft folds. Apropos of the natural musquash coat, this is likely, under the exceptional circumstances of dress, to take a foremost place, a fact that was easily foreseen by fur *couturières* of leading renown, who have never been more liberally equipped with attractive models of what is admittedly the hardiest and most satisfactory of pelts.

Musquash—and Musquash

It will be the greatest possible mistake for anyone to be influenced by the fact that there are

(Continued on page xii)

The Minty OXFORD VARSITY CHAIR

Perfect Comfort

¶ The Ideal Lounge combining luxurious comfort with elegance and durability

Prices according to length of seat.

23in. 27in. 30in. 33in. 36in.

23/- 27/- 30/- 33/- 36/-

Packed free

Send for Patterns of Coverings to Dept. B

MINTY 44, High Street, OXFORD

Special prices to Hospitals and Officers' Messes.

LUCKY BEGGAR!

—they've sent him some

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap!

Send a box to YOUR Soldier Friend—

it will be immensely appreciated :: Box of 3 Tablets, **1/-**

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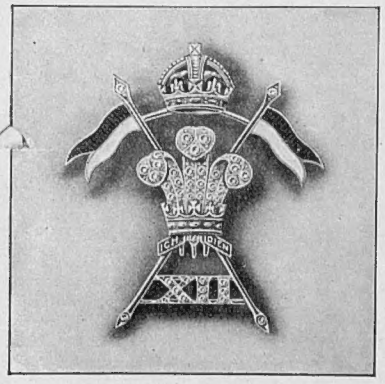
Military Badge Brooches

ANY REGIMENTAL DESIGN—

PERFECTLY MODELLED.



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Large Selection in Diamonds, and Gold and Enamel.

Sketches sent for approval.

25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

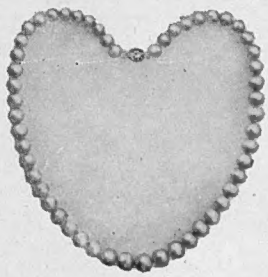
And 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

SESSEL PEARLS

Are the Finest Reproductions existing.

Every detail of the Genuine is shown in a SESSEL COLLAR.

The faint small imperfections and irregularities so common to the costly and real ones are perfectly reproduced. They have also the requisite weight, solidity, lustre and texture.



Beautiful Collar of SESSEL PEARLS shown in illustration, being an exact copy of Genuine Pearl Collar costing £350, on plain Gold Clasp,

£4 4 0

The Clasp, illustrated, with Sessel Ruby and Two Real Diamonds costs

£3 3 0

BROCHURE No. 4 ON REQUEST, POST FREE.

Old Go'd, Silver, Diamonds, Pearls, etc. taken in exchange or purchased for cash.

SESSEL (Bourne Ltd.), 14 New Bond St., London, W.

(Directly opposite Asprey's).

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded from page x)

natural musquash coats, priced at popular sums; these serve an end doubtless, and an end against which one would not raise the smallest finger of protest. But they do not for a moment enter into the lists of the desirable creations now being advanced of fine richly marked skins, worked, it is almost superfluous to say, whole, and not in pieces. For patched-up pieces, no matter how deftly handled, have little lasting worth, and in my opinion the sums paid for them are quite adequate.

Effectively fashioned whole natural musquash skins, however, make as sweet a coat as could well be desired. Cut full and free, and finished with a great natural skunk collar, there is provided a wrap to suit the most fastidious heart. Another popular coat, of course, will be the short full coat. A hip length model bordered with a contrasting fur has an assured career, and many a long-hipped model in seal musquash has this fate in store for its services. But one fur trimmed with another is a coming vogue that promises to do no wrong.

A COVETABLE WEDDING GIFT

Sterling silver replica of the famous "Warwick" Vase, presented to Lieut. W. A. V. Bethell on the occasion of his marriage to the Hon. Clare Tennant by the tenantry on the Rise Estate. It was made by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd., Royal Works, Sheffield

A Picture-Map of the Dardanelles

Anyone who wishes to be able to see at a glance the difficulties of the military proposition with which the Allied Forces are confronted in Gallipoli and to realise the splendid, if costly, results which their efforts have achieved, cannot do better than purchase a copy of the *Graphic* pictorial map of the Dardanelles, which has recently been published by our contemporary. Beautifully produced in colour, this map shows every fort, hill, and river quite clearly, and every landing and subsequent advance made by the Allies up to August 7 is carefully and plainly marked. The map is obtainable for sixpence, or, by post, for eightpence, from the Publisher, Tallis House, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C.

Italy as Usual

It is pointed out by the London office of the Italian State Railways that, contrary to the general impression, practically the whole of Italy is accessible to tourists at the present time, including the north-eastern part of the country, where, in Venice, for instance, there are numerous visitors, including many English and French people. On the Lido also all the hotels are open and the bathing facilities are well patronised. The same conditions also prevail on the lakes, in the Italian Alps, and at the other Italian summer resorts.

The Menu: The Grouse Season

Roast Grouse

Handle the birds very lightly in plucking off the feathers; draw them, and wipe the insides with clean damp cloths; truss the birds for roasting, and dredge the outside with flour. A piece of fat bacon should be laid on the breast of each bird. Roast them about half an hour, keeping them well basted. Good gravy and bread-sauce should be served with the grouse and fried breadcrumbs put round them. Send to table very hot.

Salmi of Grouse

Roast one or more grouse for about ten minutes, then cut into joints. Pound the liver smoothly, cut 2 oz. of cooked ham into dice, chop one small onion, and tie up a bunch of herbs together. Melt 1 oz. of butter in a stewpan, and put in the onion, three cloves, a little pepper, the chopped ham, and the herbs; fry all these a pale brown. When nearly dark enough, add 1 oz. of flour, and brown as well. Pour in three-quarters of a pint of stock, and stir till it boils. Put in the grouse, liver, a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, two teaspoonfuls of red-currant jelly, a small glass of claret, and ½ oz. of glaze. Cover the pan and simmer very gently about thirty-five to forty-five minutes. When cooked, arrange neatly on a hot dish, strain the sauce over, and garnish with croûtons of fried bread.

Grouse Pie

Line the bottom of a pie-dish with 1 lb. of rump steak, cut into neat pieces. Cut two grouse into joints, season highly with salt, cayenne, and black pepper, pour in some stock, and cover with puff paste; brush the crust over with the yolk of an egg, and bake one hour. The backbones and trimmings from the grouse will make the gravy by stewing them with an onion, a little mace, a bunch of herbs, and a wineglassful of sherry or claret. This should be poured in after the pie is baked.

How to Make an Old Grouse Tender and Palatable

After the usual preparations for cooking, cut off the legs at the knees and the wings at the pinions. Rub the bird inside and out with about a ¼ lb. of butter. Add a pinch of cayenne pepper and salt. Place the bird in a casserole dish with plenty of good gravy, fill up the casserole with water, put a cover on the casserole, and cook in a slow oven for about three hours. Then add sufficient gelatine to make the gravy set. When quite cold, turn the contents into an ordinary dish, when it will come out firm as a mould and be a delicious dish of cold game.

Vol-au-Vent of Game or Chicken

Take any cold game or chicken, and cut into small dice. Have ready about a gill of good stock, made from the trimmings of the game, and seasoned with pepper and salt and a suspicion of nutmeg. Put the meat into this with a gill of cream or milk, ½ oz. of butter, and quarter of a pint of mushrooms chopped small. Stir until it boils and gradually thickens. Whilst cooking the game, a dish should have been lined with a short crust and baked. Pour in the mixture, garnish, and serve.

Game Soufflés

Pound and sieve 4 oz. of any cold, cooked game, and mix it with a panade prepared with one gill of good brown stock (made from the bones and trimmings of the game), add two eggs. Have ready some little soufflé cases, fill with the mixture, and bake for ten to fifteen minutes. To make the panade.—Put ½ oz. of butter into a pan with a gill of milk, water, or stock, and bring it to the boil, then add 2 oz. of sifted flour, and stir it all together over the fire till it is thick enough to roll into a ball; draw it to the side of the stove, still keeping it on a fairly hot part, however, and let it cook for a few minutes longer, stirring it occasionally to prevent it burning, till the flour is thoroughly cooked.

EMILIA